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WESTERN AMERICANA

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To

Mrs Joseph C Palmer:

My earliest and best friend: I have ever felt grateful to God, that my lot was cast, on my arrival in California, among such good friends as Mr & Mrs Palmer and those connected with their generous household. I hope that the reading of my recollections of the past may prove how much I appreciate the opportunities afforded me by your dear departed husband, and how grateful I feel towards both you and to himself for your unfading kindness to

Yours affectionately

San Francisco
Nov. 4th 1904.

MEMOIRS

These recollections of my early life and pioneer experiences in California were jotted down from time to time at the earnest request of members of my family. Although reluctantly commenced, the work, as it progressed, became absorbing; memories of almost forgotten incidents were revived; and a project which began as a task, developed into a pleasing recreation. What I have written will at least serve to keep green the memories of old friends and fellow-pioneers, to whom, and to the dear companions of my youth, these memoirs are inscribed with affection and gratitude.

EDWARD BOSQUI.

San Francisco, 1904.

I am the oldest son of a family of seven children, and was born July 23, 1832, at Montreal, Canada.

My father was born at Quebec in 1806, and my grandfather at Marseilles, France, in 1776. The latter was a soldier under Napoleon, and served through all his Italian campaigns. Subsequently he was stationed at Toulon, and in 1804 went to Canada.

My mother was born at Montreal, Canada. Her father and mother were both of Scotch descent. My maternal grandfather died at the advanced age of ninety-six, at his little farm near St. Albans, Vermont, in 1856. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and participated in most of the battles fought in the vicinity of Niagara against the United States.

My father was a cabinet maker. His shop occupied the upper story of an old brick building on Great St. James street, in Montreal. My recollection of the busy place during my childhood from 1835 to 1840 is very vivid. Three or four journeymen and two apprentices were employed. Nothing delighted me more than to watch the progress of their work, especially my father's fine carving. They were all cheerful workers, and sang many Canadian songs, one of which was a particular favorite and which I recollect to this day.

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvai l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
  Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
  Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui a le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
  Lui ya longtemps, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
  Lui ya longtemps, etc.

In front of the shop there was a long court opening on the street. On the south side were tall poplar trees and the remains of the ramparts of a fort with part of an ancient wall which once surrounded the town early in the last century. On the opposite side of the street, extending to Notre Dame street, was the old church and walled enclosure of the Recollet Friars, who were the rivals of the Jesuits in their missionary work in Canada. In a corner of the court yard was a long shed in which my father stored his mahogany planks and other fine woods; and here with the other children in the neighborhood we used to play hide-and-seek.

In 1837, when the Canadian rebellion was at its height, a proclamation was issued to disarm all who were suspected of disloyalty to the government, which really included every one of French descent. This involved many, like my father, who were in no way implicated. I was but five years of age; but I remember these things distinctly, and how I shared in the excitement of the times. A few weeks later we saw the lights of a burning village, and soon afterward a battle was fought. A number of rebels were killed, and many prisoners were taken and escorted by regiments of the line through the streets of the city. The formidable military procession, which was intended to awe the Canadian populance, who were all in sympathy with the rebels, consisted of squads of sullen-looking habitans, their hands tied behind their backs with thongs, interspersed among companies of infantry and cavalry. Toward the rear end of the procession was a company of hussars and a park of artillery. There was a rear guard of infantry, and the whole was followed by great military wagons filled with arms and munitions of war captured from the rebels.

My aunt Carpentier lived at Miles End on the north declivity of Mount Royal; and in springtime I often visited her. She and her children occupied an old stone house surrounded by a grove of sugar maple trees. The site commanded an extensive view of the river St. Lawrence and the distant mountains of Bellœil and Chambly. In the month of May, 1840, while on a visit at my aunt's, I started out before daylight to ascend the mountain and reach a point haunted by wild pigeons; but I became so much engrossed by the splender of the sunrise and the curious phenomenon of immense flocks of pigeons blackening the heavens that I failed to reach the place where I might have shot more birds than I could have carried away. I was absorbed by the ever-changing procession and the beautiful forms the great flocks assumed as they passed along, some of them at a great height and others almost within gunshot. All came from the west. The flight of these countless numbers of wild pigeons continued unabated until nine o'clock every morning for about a week, and gradually decreased until midday, when their flight ceased. Each year they appeared at about the same period; but in the memory of no one living at that time had they ever been seen in such large numbers.*

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*At this date (1904) wild pigeons are nearly extinct, and are so very rare that a large sum is readily paid for a single specimen.

When nine years old I spent the summer with my grandfather, in Vermont, on the shores of Lake Champlain. The scenery of this region in the Green Mountains, which Moran the artist pronounced "unsurpassed in beauty and grandeur by any on the continent of America," made a lasting impression upon my mind.

The effect of this impression was heightened by my grandfather's descriptions of the wild animals and of his adventures in the forests and on the lakes and rivers in the vicinity. He would, at every opportunity, take me on long tramps through the woods or on fishing excursions on the great lake and descant on the beauty of the scenery. How often I thought how happy I would be if I owned such a farm as my grandfather's! One day I asked him how much such a place might cost. He seemed pleased to answer my question. Carefully summing up the value of the fifty acres of land, its improvements, with one horse, two cows, two oxen, pigs, chickens, etc., the total amounted to the fabulous sum of one thousand and eight hundred dollars. Then the thought struck me: Would I ever become rich enough to purchase such a delightful place?

This visit to my grandfather was among the brightest of my childhood recollections. With few exceptions, my earlier memories were clouded by the anxiety I felt for my parents, who were struggling to make a living. It was my ambition to attain to a position where I could help them. When eleven years old I obtained employment in the book-store of a gentleman named Leprohon. My compensation was two dollars a month. This was paid me in coppers, one hundred pieces to the dollar. How well I remember my feeling of pride when this heap of coin was placed in my mother's hands each month!

Mr. Leprohon was a gentleman of the old school. His eldest son was educated in Paris as a physician, and all the family were well bred and aristocratically connected. Mr. Leprohon in his youth had been improvident and had lost a fortune he inherited from a relative at New Orleans. For a long time he had been striving to obtain a living as a bookseller, but his poor judgment and extravagance, coupled with hard times, soon forced him into bankruptcy.

It was no fault of mine that his business did not flourish. One day when our patronage was slacker than usual I timidly proposed to him that if he would fit me out with a basket and an assortment of paper, pens, ink, prayer books, etc., I would start out peddling his goods. To this he laughingly assented. So one cold morning in January, 1844, I set forth, and after tramping all day from house to house through St. Antoine suburbs, I returned to the store with the proceeds of my sales—sixty-five coppers and one dollar in silver. This was more than the cash receipts at the store during that day. These efforts were continued for some time with varying success, but did not prevent the inevitable closing out of the business. I regretted this exceedingly, being attached to the family, who were invariably as kind and considerate to me as to one of their own children.*

The next two years were mainly spent with my aunt Brosseau, my mother's sister, with whom I was a great favorite. Her husband was a native of Quebec, a graduate of its university, a notary and sometime sheriff of Laprarie, a village situated nine miles south of Montreal on a great bend of the river below the Lachine Rapids and near the ancient village of Caugnawauga. At the latter place lived the last remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Five Nations, the bravest and most inveterate enemies of the early settlers. Between Laprarie and the Rapids there was an abundance of game and fish along the shores of the St. Lawrence, and this was my favorite hunting ground.

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* I still possess a prayer book given me by Mr. Leprohon January 1, 1846, with the following inscription over his signature: "Présenté a M. Edouard Bosqui le 1re Janvier, 1846, par son patron M. C. P. Leprohon en-gage de la meilleur amitée et d'l'estime la plus distingué pour tous le zelle et l'impressement qu'il à prouve par son travaille aux Interest de C. P. Leprohon."

I was never more happy than when roaming over this pleasant country with my uncle's old French flint-lock, which too often flashed in the pan. Notwithstanding this, I seldom failed to bring down as many ducks, plovers or wild pigeons as I could carry home. These excursions often extended for miles into the country, many times as far distant as the Richelieu River, which drains Lake Champlain.

My uncle, when serving legal papers in the country, frequently took me with him in his rounds, which gave me rare opportunities of becoming acquainted with the people, mingling with them at their homes, at their social gatherings and in their churches. We found them always hospitable and kindly disposed.

Few have been the changes in the customs and mode of life since the earliest settlement of the country; and it is a significant fact frequently commented upon by travelers and close observers that the pictures of Canadian rural life and manners depicted by Longfellow in "Evangeline" are as true of those people to-day as they were over a hundred years ago, when the pathetic drama was enacted. Religious duties and fête days take up much of their time, and, although a litigious people, crimes are uncommon among them. Parkman, the historian, pays the Canadians many compliments in his writings, and attributes their sound qualities to their early teaching by the Jesuits. The example of the unselfish and exalted character of those Jesuit Fathers, many of whom suffered martyrdom in their heroic devotion to their ideal of duty, is, said Parkman, "a Canadian's proudest heritage." Natives of Normandy and Brittany visiting Canada have remarked that Canadians of the present day are more Norman than the Normans of France, from the fact that the latter have changed since the French Revolution of 1792, while the simple-hearted, unambitious habitans of Canada have retained the ancient customs of their ancestors. The winters of Canada are so long that the poor habitans have to work hard all the summer to provide for the winter months. I have often thought that the rigorous climate of that country, supplemented by the religious teaching of a priesthood noted for its simplicity and purity of character, have had much to do with their contented, happy disposition and their comparative immunity from vice and crime. All their cattle and live-stock must be sheltered in warm barns. They can afford to waste nothing. There are no luxuries to corrupt them; and, if not a wealthy and enterprising people, we find them peculiarly and exceptionally virtuous and free from crime, adhering to the austere principles and habits of their ancestors.

My next employment was with a Mr. Colt, a native of Northern New York, a teacher by profession, and a noble character, who joined the American colony at Montreal in 1840. He conducted a free school, under the auspices of the American denomination of Presbyterians, which I attended at intervals from 1840 to 1843. Abandoning teaching in 1845, he became a bookseller and made me his clerk and general assistant. My compensation was ten dollars a month. The store was on the south side of McGill street, and back of it was a great courtyard surrounded by stone stables, forming a typical Norman barnyard—old, moss-grown and quaint looking. The premises were formerly used as a tavern, having been built in the beginning of the last century. The books on the shelves of the store were mostly American publications, largely represented by the Harpers' publishing house, and theological works, besides the leading reviews and magazines.

My duties were light and pleasant, and I had ample time to read. But what most interested me were the singular characters who made a regular rendezvous of the book store. One of them will be ever remembered—Captain Fitzgerald of the Royal Navy, a man of about seventy years of age. He took a great liking to me, no doubt because I appeared so deeply interested in the tales of his exploits by land and sea, which he related with dramatic effect.

An event in his life, the relation of which impressed me more than any other of his stories, was that of being on board Lord Nelson's flag-ship at the surrender of Copenhagen in 1801. History records that the great admiral boldly entered the harbor, and unsupported by the fleet under Sir Hyde Parker, demanded the unconditional surrender of the city. Fitzgerald was on deck when the dispatch was written, in the midst of the battle. The officer was about to use a wafer, but Nelson said: "No; send for sealing wax and a candle." Some delay followed, owing to the messenger having had his head taken off by a cannon ball. "Send another messenger for the wax," said the admiral when informed of this; and when the wafers were again suggested he simply reiterated the order. A large quantity of wax was used, and extreme care taken that the impression of the seal should be perfect. "Had I made use of the wafers," said Nelson, "the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the Crown Prince. He would have thought we had some very pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales."

Captain Fitzgerald, besides being a man of historic note, had some considerable fame as a writer. He was the author of several popular novels, the names of which I cannot now recall.

About this time my great ambition was to become a painter. My first childish efforts in drawing were in making copies with pen and ink or pencil of some of the engravings in the Penny Magazine. Later on I read the lives of the great painters and everything I could find in our bookstore on the subject of drawing and painting. I obtained at no slight sacrifice pencils, brushes, an easel, and a marble slab on which to grind my colors, and with a text book on the theory of painting, studied intently, devoting all my spare time to drawing and painting. The time I could give to these studies was limited, however, to the short time between daylight and seven o'clock in the morning, when my duties commenced in the book store. I soon realized that I possessed no marked ability, and that the few hours at my command at irregular intervals, without any other guide than the instructions laid down in a text book, did not afford me the opportunity of making much progress.

Although my fitful, troubled dreams of ambition to become an artist were of short duration, I still continued, whenever opportunity offered, to copy and to sketch from nature everything I saw that pleased me.*

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*The habit of sketching, thus early formed, I have never abandoned. It is still a source of much pleasure to me.

Mr. Colt's customers were limited to a few churchmen and teachers. He was quite out of his element as a business man, and after struggling along for a few years had to abandon bookselling. He was a devout and consistent churchman—in fact, a man without reproach. Soon afterward he went to Kansas with his family, where he died a year later of malarial fever.

Before departing for Kansas, Mr. Colt sold his periodical subscription lists to Mr. E. H. Lay, who opened an office on Notre Dame street. Upon Mr. Colt's recommendation, I was engaged to continue with his successor in business.

Mr. Lay was as different from Mr. Colt as day is from night. He was erratic, inconsistent and restless, but energetic and of fine address. Through the latter qualities he very soon increased the number of his subscribers to the standard magazines and reviews of the day, not only at Montreal, but at Toronto and Quebec as well.

In his accomplished wife he found a most patient and efficient helpmate, who kept his books and attended to all the details of his business in the most businesslike manner. She was a woman of exceptional ability and refinement, and I have always esteemed it a rare privilege to have been associated with so lovable a character. For a few years the business flourished, but at times, during the short intervals when at home, Mr. Lay acted very strangely. While he was out in the country soliciting business his unfortunate wife was, in a measure, free from the trouble and anxiety his insane conduct occasioned her, as well as every one directly connected with him.

Mr. Lay was very ill in the spring of 1847, and being unable to go to Quebec, sent me there to attend to his business. I shall always remember how important the event seemed when on April 20th, 1847, I boarded the steamer. Before dark we had passed St. Helens and swiftly dropped down the majestic and beautiful river. The next morning was misty. The river was full of floating fields of ice, and water fowl of all kinds were flying about in immense numbers. At times rays of sunshine broke through the mist, giving wonderful effects of light and shade over the clear blue waters of the mighty river; and as the sunlight played on the almost transparent blocks of floating ice, all the colors of the rainbow were reflected. As the day advanced the sun dispelled the fog and we could see both banks of the great river. Away in the distance we beheld the bold projection of Cape Diamond. No wonder the discoverers of the river should have exclaimed, as they approached this prominent headland on which the citadel is built, "Que-bec!"

While in the city I remained with a Mr. Dion, a Canadian and a relative of my aunt Brosseau. Being a native of the city and familiar with its history, he seemed delighted in giving me information of its past and present condition. Besides attending to Mr. Lay's business, I had opportunities of visiting all the places of historic interest in the vicinity—notably the Plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm died on the field of battle, which ended the French dominion in Canada.

I went on several fishing excursions on the St. Charles River, at the mouth of which Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, wintered in 1535.

It was here that the explorers suffered so bitterly from cold, hunger and scurvy, and all would have perished but for the kindly-disposed Indians. I also visited Beaufort and the Montmorenci Falls, and walked all over the city. Nothing interested me more than occasionally meeting some very old men and women dressed in the costumes of the past century. One figure I vividly recall: that of a fine-looking, gray-headed man in knee-breeches, a long-tailed coat, a cocked hat, and his long hair worn in a braid. As he leisurely walked along the streets with his wife one felt them to be in perfect harmony with the antiquated buildings and old fortifications dating back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In 1845 Mr. Thomas Logan was at the head of the Geological Survey of Canada. Mr. T. Sterry Hunt, a young man recently graduated with distinction from Yale, was his chief assistant and had charge of the extensive laboratory attached to the survey. These gentlemen frequented the book store, and they invited me to see the extensive collection of minerals and fossils belonging to the Government, to which new specimens were constantly being added. They were gathered on the different expeditions in the field under the auspices of the Crown. The results of these researches were reported to Mr. Logan. I had free access to all the offices occupied by the survey, and, young as I was, thoroughly appreciated the rare privilege afforded me in being present and listening to the entertaining descriptions and comments on reports received from distant scientific expeditions in the vicinity of Lake Superior and other points. It was often amusing to witness the enthusiastic delight expressed over the reports and specimens received, even as a child would rejoice over the acquisition of a new toy.

On one of my visits to the offices of the survey Mr. Logan called my attention to a beautiful pebble. "Do you see this?" he said, presenting it to me. "Well, my boy, what would you suppose is its history?" Before I could attempt a reply he continued:

"If it could speak it would probably tell us a wonderful story—that it had been riven from some rocky ledge many centuries ago, then washed into the bed of some stream, finally becoming water-worn as you now see it." He expanded his remarks into a lecture on geological changes which had taken place in the world's history, full of poetic beauty and solid information.

On leaving my home for California, Mr. Hunt gave me a letter of introduction to his friend Professor Shepherd, a geologist who went to California in 1849, to whom I shall refer later on.

Mr. Logan was afterward knighted by the Queen. He and Mr. Hunt will ever retain a warm place in my heart. These great but unostentatious, kind-hearted men who deigned to notice me and to extend so many kindly courtesies and attentions to a mere boy, have become famous as scientists, and attained world-wide reputations.

About the end of 1848 came the announcement of the discovery of gold in California. Like almost every one, I caught the gold fever and determined to go to that far-away country. My first move toward getting there was to address a letter to my uncle Kenneth, in Georgia, asking him for a loan of $125, and proposing to give my note, payable out of the first money I earned. I had some hope of success, as my uncle was reputed to be a man of wealth, being a cotton planter and slaveholder. I had almost given up hope of receiving any answer, but it did come at last; it was unfavorable, yet full of good advice. I was particularly advised to stay at home. This letter made me still more determined to go to California, and the idea of going constantly occupied my thoughts and manifested its seductive power in my dreams. In the meantime Mr. Lay heard of my intention, and endeavored to assure me, with discouraging intent, that I would never reach my destination and would leave my bones bleaching on the plains. He also said that he felt it his duty to prevent my going on such a reckless adventure. His admonitions made no impression upon me. But when he called on my mother and made the same statements to her and many more that seemed unjust, I became indignant at his interference and was more determined than ever to reach the land of gold.

About this time I became acquainted with a young man named Perry, whose parents had recently died, leaving him some money. He also had a wild desire to go to the gold fields, and was awaiting the settlement of his parents' estate to start on his journey. While waiting, we met at every opportunity to compare notes and to decide upon our route. We were undecided whether to go overland across the plains, or by sea around Cape Horn.

In the meantime we read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," Fremont's account of his first and second expedition across the plains, and in fact everything we could find relating to California. We had no difficulty in finding plenty of literature on the subject in which we were so much interested, as all the papers and magazines of that date were full of accounts from the gold fields.

Being filled with the same ambition, young Perry and I became good friends; and although he made no definite promise to lend me any fixed amount of money, I became attached to him as a kind of retainer, so to speak. My plan was to follow him as far as possible, and if we should disagree or become stranded, to trust to Providence. Our first intention was to go to New York, thence to New Orleans. If a halt at the latter city should become necessary, we could feel somewhat at home there as a branch of the family of Mr. Leprohon lived in the Southern city, to whom I had letters of the most kindly recommendation. I could, at all events, secure a position and earn some money in New Orleans, I thought, as the opportunities were greater there than in Canada. Once started, I felt confident of reaching California sooner or later.

In January, 1850, Perry got the money from his patrimonial estate, and the day was soon fixed for our departure.

Mr. Lay continued his opposition to my leaving home. Possibly he was honest in his belief that my Quixotic expedition, as he termed it, must result in disaster; but others, quite as sincere, thought all his solicitude was inspired by a selfish desire to retain me in his employ. However that may have been, it caused my mother great distress of mind to think of my leaving home on so long a journey without any resources whatever. To counteract Mr. Lay's influence and efforts to prevent my going, I borrowed temporarily a roll of one-dollar bills, amounting in all to one hundred and fifty dollars, to show my mother that I was not without resources. The deception worked like a charm, and she gave me her consent to go. My way was now tolerably clear, and Mr. Lay ceased making trouble.

All being arranged satisfactorily, I bade my mother, brothers and sisters good-bye, and early on a cold February morning of 1850 we boarded the cars at Laprarie, bound for New York. Arriving there, we stopped at a hotel fronting North River, on Courtlandt street, near the Astor House. In a few days we secured our passage to Brazos Santiago, at the mouth of the Rio Grande del Norte, Mexico. San Diego was our objective point. From thence we proposed reaching California and Arizona via Chihuahua. While waiting the departure of our vessel we spent our time in visiting places of interest in and about New York, notably the Battery, the Croton Water Works, the old Dutch Church near Wall street, and old St. Paul's, in whose portals stands an impressive tablet in memory of General Montgomery, who was killed at the storming of Quebec. Barnum's Museum was full of attractions for us, and in the evenings we attended the theatres. At the Bowery Theatre Chanfrau was the idol of the Bowery boys. Our most enjoyable evenings, however, were those spent at the Park Theatre, where Burton drew great crowds by his inimitable acting.

We did not set sail until the 26th of March. Our vessel was a 200-ton schooner and our captain a little, dark-complexioned man from Maine and a typical Yankee. His character was as diminutive as his body, and even before we set sail from New York we learned, to our sorrow, that he was a tyrannical, disagreeable fellow. We soon passed out through the Narrows and past Sandy Hook, and at nightfall we were far out of sight of land, under full sail and making twelve knots an hour. I was deathly seasick. The wind increased during the night to a gale and continued blowing for twenty-four hours.

On the third day, when off Cape Hatteras, the wind increased to a hurricane, threatening to engulf the vessel, which shipped seas that swept the decks from stem to stern. The little cabin where we were cooped up, with hatches secured, deprived us of light and we had scarcely air enough to breathe during the height of the storm. Everything in the cabin had broken loose. All was confusion, and it was difficult at times to avoid being thrown from our bunks. But misery as well as pleasure must come to an end. On the fourth day, weak and wretched, we crawled out of our little, foul-smelling cabin, on deck into the pure sea air, more dead than alive. Not a particle of food had passed our lips for three days, and I was so weak that I could neither stand nor sit upright. Although the storm was nearly past, its effects were manifest in the splendid tumult of waves, mountain high, which carried us aloft on their crests and the next moment threatened to engulf us. By night the storm had subsided and we were in the Gulf Stream. On the first day of May we were becalmed off the island of Abacco, one of the southernmost of the Bahama group, off the coast of Florida. Never before or since have I beheld such lovely effects of color. The water over the Bahama banks was of the most delicate emerald, suffused by a peculiar silken sheen. This effect was due to a reflection through the transparent water of the white pipe-clay which forms the bottom of the sea.

These quiet days off the West Indies were filled with delicious reveries, recalling to mind the first discoveries of Columbus and the romantic adventures of the Spanish, French and English buccaneers. As our vessel lazily floated about, we could plainly see with the aid of a marine glass the cocoanut groves on the shore, the fishermen's boats, and the huts of the natives. At night a wonderful phosphorescence lighted up the sea; and from the shore came the sweet tropical scent of vegetation, so grateful to those just recovering from sea-sickness.

After drifting about the islands in a calm we finally caught a fresh breeze which sent us forging ahead and soon put us out of sight of land. On the next day we entered the Gulf of Mexico and saw no more land until the 7th day of May, when off the mouth of the Rio Grande.

We anchored off the mouth of this great river of the North and were much impressed by the booming of breakers on its bar, lined on each side by the wrecks of many transport vessels employed during the recent Mexican War and driven ashore by the terrible Northers which come up so suddenly in this region and with such force that nothing can withstand their fury. The great number of wrecks, lonely sand dunes and multitudes of all kinds of water fowl combined to make it one of the most desolate scenes imaginable. Soon a canoe appeared through the breakers, with a queer-looking, half-clad native. In our impatience to land we struck a bargain with the native to put us ashore, against the protest of the captain, who swore we would be drowned. But we were impatient to get out of our prison, for such the tyranny of our captain had made it, and therefore we braved all danger. Embarking with some difficulty in the canoe, we were soon paddling in the main channel of the river with the breakers chasing us. Looking back, as we passed over the bar, we could see the seas breaking clear across it. Had we encountered these breakers our frail craft must have foundered, for she was overloaded with twice the weight she should have carried through such waters.

The ghostlike hulks of the wrecked Government transports and ships used in landing the soldiers and munitions of war in 1845, 1846 and 1847, formed a weird picture. On landing, we were reminded on all sides that we were in a strange country; still it was a pleasant transition to pass from our native land, covered with ice and snow, into a mild, tropical temperature.

North and south of Point Isabel stretched a great estuary or lagoon, formed by a bar which we were informed the force of the winds and tides was constantly changing. It was the home of myriads of water fowl of all kinds, from the diminutive plover to the great black swan. There were ducks of many species, cranes, pelicans and flamingoes with their brilliant scarlet plumage. We were extremely interested in what we saw as we rode along the beach on our way to Fort Brown.

Early the next morning after landing we passed over the fields of Reseca de la Palma and Palo Alto, where the first battles of the Mexican War were fought.

At Fort Brown we camped out in the open air on the banks of the river. Passing to and fro before our camp were queer-looking men on foot and horseback, in all kinds of dress and undress, armed with rifles, pistols and knives. Many were recently disbanded soldiers of the Mexican War, gamblers, renegades, Mexicans, negroes and nondescripts, and some adventurers, like ourselves, on their way to California.

Perry busied himself in securing an outfit of mules, saddles and provisions, in preparation for our journey to San Diego. While busily employed adjusting saddles, bridles and packs, several odd characters joined us for mutual protection on the journey. One was a Scotchman named Wemys, an actor by profession, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of

Robert Bruce, and, like Bayard the Knight, was, as he asserted over and over again by our camp-fires, a man "without fear and without reproach." This boast was to be put to the test later on our journey in Durango.

Wemys, when mounted on his tall white mule, with antiquated pistols in holsters at his saddle bow, and what he called his ancient claymore, old enough in appearance to have been carried in the forays of the Scottish border, used to boast of what he would do with this weapon in a fight with the enemy.

Another of our companions was a big, burly Irishman, weighing 200 pounds, whose mule did not look larger than himself, but it was both active and vicious. To subjugate the beast, Murphy thought the proper thing to do was to sharpen the rowels of his great, dangling Mexican spurs.

There were nine of us altogether, ranging in age from seventeen to fifty years. After a week's preparation, one fine morning we gallantly rode out of camp in our motley dress, mounted on horses and mules, and looking for all the world as if we might be setting forth on one of Don Quixote de la Mancha's expeditions. At the head of our company rode Perry, followed in single file along the trail by the brave Wemys, his trusted lieutenant; then came Murphy and two gamblers, who were the most respectable looking men in the party. The trail led through a dry river bottom for some distance, on both sides of which grew a variety of cactus and tall bushes. After quietly traveling some miles and congratulating ourselves on our progress, something frightened one of our animals, and in an instant, without any warning, a general stampede commenced. A mule would start out like a flash in one direction and another in an opposite one, and before I could realize what had occurred I was left alone. With some difficulty I succeeded in keeping my mule under control, and on looking around I saw in the distance big Murphy on his little beast heading toward a great cactus thirty feet high. He was holding on to the pummel of his saddle, his back curved like a jockey's in a race, with the sharp points of his spurs buried in the flanks of his charger, which, approaching the cactus, came to a sudden stop. In a trice up went Murphy as if shot from a catapult, and in an instant the poor fellow was lodged ten feet above the ground in a bed of thorns. His cries and prayers for relief to the blessed Virgin and to all the Saints were loud and earnest. The scattered members of the party, guided by his cries, came to his assistance, and in about twenty minutes, with great difficulty, we got him out of his painful position. For many days after, at every camping place, by day and by night, Murphy devoted his time to pulling the long cactus needles out of his body. After searching for some hours and failing to obtain a trace of our stampeded animals, except here and there guns, pistols, blankets and water gourds scattered over the plain, we concluded to continue our journey, most of the party being on foot, to the town of Reynosa, where we arrived before sunset. Calling on the alcalde of the town, we informed him of our predicament and he immediately sent out men to search for our runaway animals. Within twenty-four hours all the mules and horses were found and promptly delivered to us, but most of the saddles, bridles and blankets were missing.

A few hours later we were all surprised to see on the public plaza of the town three wretches tied up in knots, as it were, their wrists and ankles manacled, and muskets binding their arms and legs in such a manner as to deprive them of any motion, and their faces exposed to the burning rays of the sun. It seemed impossible to devise any punishment more cruel. We were informed that these were the thieves who had caused the stampede and had robbed us, and that this was a part of the punishment which they were summarily condemned to suffer. After waiting several days, expecting the return of our property, which was promised by the alcalde "mañana," which promise was renewed day after day and never fulfilled, we gave up hope and resumed our journey, making the most of the outfit which remained. Although this was a bad beginning, we were not at all discouraged. Our leading spirits, Wemys and Perry, however, were not so boastful.

After leaving Camargo our journey commenced in earnest. We traveled at the rate of about twenty miles a day, every night camping in the vicinity of some small village or hacienda. Camping near a village soon after leaving Camargo, we were hospitably invited to join a group of Mexicans and partake of a dish they called "Carne Con Chili Colorado." It was a savory-looking mess boiling over a fire surrounded by a picturesque group of Mexicans and Indians. Being almost famished after a hard day's ride, we cheerfully accepted the Mexicans' invitation to join them in their feast. I was among the first to swallow a spoonful of the choking, redhot stuff, and it was ten minutes before I recovered my breath and normal condition. My distress caused great amusement to the party. However, by imitating the natives in their mode of eating this peppery food we soon learned to relish it.

All the way from the Rio Grande to Monterey we saw very little land under cultivation, and often journeyed twenty miles at a stretch over barren plains undiversified by trees or water; yet there was not an acre that did not produce some curious and beautiful variety of the cactus family. We traveled westwardly, with the blue and purple Sierra Madre Mountains in plain view, apparently only fifty miles distant. But the clear, dry atmosphere of the desert was responsible for our delusion, for in point of fact we were nearly three hundred miles from the great range. At the end of a week these mountains seemed almost as far away as when we first noticed them.

We arrived at Monterey, the capital of Nuevo Leon, April 22, 1850. The city contained a population of about 6,000. It is situated on a broad plain nearly 2,000 feet above sea level, at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains.*

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*At the present time (1904) Monterey has a population of over 130,000, and is a great commercial and manufacturing center. It was here that Colonel Jack Hayes, with his company of Texan Rangers, fought so bravely during the four days' siege of the city by the American army in September, 1846, when it capitulated to the forces under General Taylor. One of the most brilliant actions connected with the capture of Monterey was the storming and taking by assault of the Bishop's Palace, a fortification some miles northwest, dominating the pass to Saltillo and the great plains of the valley of Mexico. The assaulting party was led by Colonel Jack Hayes. This point was heroically defended, but surrendered after a desperate fight in which the defenders were nearly all killed. I became very well acquainted with Colonel Hayes later on, and he often would relate to me some of the incidents of the siege. He would describe his flight through the streets of Monterey after this style: "You see, the Mexicans were posted here and we were there," pointing to a rough diagram. "We got there, then we charged like the d—l through the main street of the town. They fired at us through the doors and windows, but they were d—n bad shots or not a mother's son of us would have got there."

After a few days' rest at Monterey we commenced ascending the Sierra Madres, passing Saltillo, where the decisive battle of Buena Vista was fought between General Taylor's forces and those of General Santa Ana. It was during this fight that the latter was captured and the Mexican forces defeated with great loss. This was considered one of the most important American victories of the war with Mexico. As we rode by the battle-field we saw some broken artillery carriages, fragments of wheels and other relics of the fight.

Our road now led through mountain defiles and over barren plains sometimes thirty or forty miles across, where we suffered excessively from scarcity of water, with nothing to relieve the eye but here and there a cactus, artemisia or stunted mesquit bushes.

Just before arriving at Durango we found the people in the neighborhood very much alarmed at the invasion of the Comanche and Lipan tribes of Indians, who were on the war-path, killing defenseless men, women and children, and burning and destroying property in every direction. Even within seventy-five miles of the City of Durango the people were panic-stricken. Late one afternoon, when about fifty miles east of Durango, while looking for a place to camp, we saw about two miles away a group of queer-looking horsemen, such as we had not seen before.

We soon discovered that they were a band of Indians, ten in number. Soon they advanced toward us at full gallop, upon which we hastily dismounted. We could discover no place of retreat, being on an open plain, and realizing that we were entirely at their mercy, we stood sullenly, but not fearlessly, awaiting their approach. When within a hundred yards some one of our party cried out, "Halta, somos amigos" ("halt, we are friends"). The chief of the party, a very tall, splendid-looking Indian, asked for aguardiente (Mexican spirits). We answered that we had none. He turned about and made some odd signs to his companions, after which they all joined in insulting pantomimic gestures and guttural grunts. Finally, with one glance of haughty contempt, they turned and galloped off, leaving us staring at each other with mingled feelings of wonder and relief. Our miserable, half famished, helpless condition had been our best defense against these Arabs of the plains. As the Indians disappeared we noticed that Wemys was the picture of fear, his face ashy pale, his eyes staring and mouth wide open, his knees shaking as with palsy, and altogether a most abject and pitiable sight. Our noble Sir Knight defender had parted with claymore, pistols and rifle. "Where are your arms?" we asked. "Safely hidden over there in the sand and bushes," he said. We heard no more of Wemys' boasting on that journey. The interview with Comanche Indians had effectually crushed his valor.

Not finding any water and apprehensive lest we should meet more Indians, we decided to travel toward a well-known hacienda five miles away, where we arrived late in the evening. As we approached the place we saw that it was partially in ruins and still smoking. The Mexicans were in great distress and fearful that the same Indians we had just encounterd, together with others in the vicinity, would come at any moment and complete the destruction of the place which they attacked the day before. A venerable Mexican, with most urbane manners, begged us to remain and help defend the place. We were only too glad to stay, for at the time we really had no choice, but we all resolved that the prudent course was, after a brief rest, to continue our journey to Durango as rapidly as our tired animals could carry us, not being anxious to become better acquainted with Comanche and Lipan Indians. In the meantime we camped amid the smoking ruins, anticipating another attack on the hacienda, which was quite extensive, consisting of a fortified or walled enclosure covering four or five acres of ground, within which were quite extensive buildings and yards for the protection of cattle and sheep. We occupied the chapel, which was the only place uninjured, and slept there during the night. Our ambition not being warlike, we gracefully declined the urgent solicitations of our hospitable host to remain with him and defend his life and property.

Two days later we reached the City of Durango without any more adventures, and late at night camped out in the large court-yard of a ruinous palace. We got out of our blankets very late the next morning and were surprised, on looking about, to find ourselves surrounded on every side by the evidence of former wealth and luxury. All the buildings in the vicinity were of stone, several stories high, with fine and beautifully carved arches over the doors and windows. We could easily imagine ourselves in one of the cities of old Spain. The effect of such a transition was delightful. As we wandered over the city we noticed a number of cone-shaped hills two or three hundred feet high, crowned by palaces and old fortifications erected two or three centuries before.

The city of Durango lies at the foot of the great Cordillera, a continuation of the Rocky Mountain range which extends through the central and western side of the continent. The scenery from all points of view in and about the environs of this interesting city is indescribably fine. A century ago the population of Durango numbered over eighty thousand, but at present scarcely twenty thousand inhabitants remain, and owing to the raids of the Indians up to the very gates of the town, there is a general feeling of insecurity to life and property.*

The Sunday before resuming our journey across the mountains I visited the Cathedral of Durango, one of the finest in Northern Mexico. Upon leaving the building I met a priest crossing the plaza in front of the church, with a game cock under each arm. I looked at him with some astonishment, but was informed that it was the regular diversion of some of the clergy on Sundays or feast days, after mass or vespers, to participate in cock fights and lay wagers on the result. I was much astonished at this, being familiar from my boyhood with only an enlightened and moral priesthood. Evidently this degradation and demoralization of the priesthood had been going on for a long time, as little or no exception seemed to be taken to an example which would be considered scandalous and almost incredible in any christian community.

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* I cite the following as an example of the bad administration of the government: In May, 1850, the municipality of Durango made a contract with Parker H. French, who was, like ourselves, on his way to California, by which the latter agreed, with one hundred Americans, to fight the Indians and defend the city, and, if possible, put an end to their murderous forays. French and his party took the field accordingly, but after several weeks of marching and counter-marching over the plains and mountains, failed utterly in giving the Indians battle, not for lack of courage and determination, but because the Indians pursued their characteristic tactics of retreating as fast as their opponents advanced, always maintaining a safe distance from their pursuers and always attacking their enemies in ambush or at a disadvantage.

On the first day of June, 1850, we started out on foot from Durango on our long walk to Mazatlan, a distance of about three hundred miles. The road was nothing more than a narrow trail, which in many places led along the slopes of mountains overhanging deep gorges or ravines. The trail was so very narrow that we were obliged to travel in single file. At some points a misstep would have thrown the traveler down a sheer precipice of thousands of feet into a dark cañon below. In many places on the way a cross marked the spot where some unfortunate had lost his life in this way.

In a few days we had ascended into the oak and pine belt, where it was much cooler and where the mountain sides were covered with bright verdure and a multitude of wild flowers. We often rested by the side of a running stream of clearest water, bordered by luxuriant grasses and flowers. To us, dusty wayfarers from the plains, it seemed like a land of enchantment. We all enjoyed perfect health, although we walked at the rate of about twenty miles a day with nothing to sustain us but penole, a mixture of parched corn and panoche, a kind of native sugar. Whenever we felt hungry we mixed a handful of the penole in water, making it thick or thin, as pleased our palates. This is the native's diet when traveling, and it was ours over the mountains, varied occasionally by some tropical fruit obtained at some little hamlet in the deep cañons on the way. We often came upon silver mines worked in a primitive manner by Indians, who seemed to think nothing of carrying two or three hundred pounds weight of ore and water up shaft ladders to the surface from considerable depths in the earth. In consequence the muscles of their legs were developed to an extraordinary extent. As they had no pumps to drain the mines the water was carried up to the surface in much the same manner as the ore.

When half-way across the cordillera we were more than ever impressed by the magnificence of the scenery. The prospect before us was sublime and seemingly of limitless extent—wild, lofty mountain ranges succeeding each other as far as the eye could reach, like billows in some gigantic ocean, and melting away at sunset into dim distances of purple and gold. From the summit of the range, at an altitude of ten thousand feet, we could look directly down into the hearts of little, peaceful vales, where evidences of habitation could be dimly discerned.

It was a memorable transition, as we approached the shores of the Pacific Ocean, to pass from that high region of stunted vegetation, over perilous mountain trails, into little sequestered settlements where flourished the trees and fruits of the tropics. The hospitable Mexicans always made us welcome, and refused to accept any compensation for our entertainment.

At a point called the Paso del Diablo, on the Pacific slope of the mountains, we passed along a narrow ridge where each side for a considerable distance was an almost precipitous slope of a thousand feet or more. This place is considered the most dangerous along the whole route and is never undertaken during a high wind, as it requires some courage to pass over the so-called "devil's back" even in fair weather. In two days more we reached the lowlands of the Pacific Coast, the Tierra Caliente, where we were surrounded by entirely different conditions of nature from those in the mountains. Streams and ponds of water constantly presented themselves among beautiful groves of all kinds of tropical trees. Innumerable birds of brilliant plumage, such as parrots, scarlet flamingoes, cranes, ducks, aigrettes and plover, made it a paradise to the ornithologist.

Grayson, the ornithologist, studied in this region in 1863 to 1867. His work compares favorably with that of the great naturalist Audobon.*

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* A reproduction of Grayson's beautiful life-like drawings, by the chromo-lithographic process, was contemplated in 1878, at an estimated cost of thirty thousand dollars. Grayson's widow

Arriving at Mazatlan foot-sore, without money and among strangers, we could go no farther. All our resources were exhausted. We camped under the wide awning of an old adobe building fronting the sea. With empty pockets and empty stomachs we sullenly pondered over our lot, not knowing how long we would have to wait for an opportunity to get a passage by sea to San Francisco, and how we were to sustain ourselves in the meantime. Necessity soon suggested that as we could not borrow we must either beg or starve. Perry managed to barter his last pistol, the only one left in the party, for a lot of watermelons, which sustained us for several days. In the meantime we became acquainted with several poor Mexican families living in huts near by, who shared their tortillas and frejoles with us when we found them eating around their picturesque camp-fires. This was only one of the many examples of the generous hospitality of the natives of the country. Nowhere on our journey did we receive any other than the very kindest treatment, and that from the very poorest

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made every effort to interest different people in guaranteeing the expense of publication, but failed, and in consequence the result of all his great work remains almost unknown and as yet unappreciated except by the very few who have had the rare privilege of seeing it. The original drawings and paintings, with the manuscript, remained in my possession for several years, and afterward were transferred to the keeping of the University of California, where they now remain.

class. All seemed alike possessed of native refinement. No matter how poor or mean, they were universally courteous and kindly disposed. It frequently happened that we were present at the natives' camp-fires not by mere chance, or we should have gone hungry on many occasions.

Two days after our arrival at Mazatlan Perry and Wemys were taken sick with the coast or malarial fever. They were not alone in their misery, however, for I contracted it also and had a chill and fever every afternoon. This, together with the poor nourishment and the anxieties incident to our helpless predicament, did not make our party a very cheerful one.

On the 20th of June, 1850, the French ship "Camilla" arrived in port. The next day I went down to the mole to see what was going on, and ascertained that the vessel had been chartered to take passengers and a cargo of merchandise to San Francisco, and would sail in a few days. Soon the steward, cook and several sailors came ashore for fresh provisions and supplies, and while they were getting their hampers and baskets ashore I accosted the steward. He was the most genial and jolly-looking of the lot, and when I informed him of our situation his interest was soon invoked in my favor, and he agreed to see the captain and, if possible, get him to accept my proposition to work my passage to San Francisco as cabin boy or in any other capacity. My delight may be imagined when informed the next morning that I might go aboard, and a few hours later I was on the deck of the "Camilla."

On the 16th of June we sailed for San Francisco. Perry and Wemys, by the recommendation of the British Consul, also secured passage. There were fifty or sixty passengers aboard, mostly Mexicans. On the day of our departure, while I was removing some copper kettles in the galley, one that was filled with boiling water was upset by a sudden lurch of the ship, so badly scalding one of my hands that I was disabled from further service about the galley, much to the disgust of the cook. The captain, on hearing of the accident, sent for me, and addressing me in French, asked me to relate my adventures since leaving home. When I had finished answering his questions he seemed very much interested in me and ordered the steward of the ship to treat me thereafter as a passenger. Seeing that I had the coast fever, he immediately prescribed for me and treated me with great kindness until the end of our voyage.

Our passage to San Francisco was uneventful. We had heavy northwest head-winds all the way up the coast, and did not arrive in California until the 23d of July, on my eighteenth birthday, being thirty-seven days out from Mazatlan. The ship anchored off Clark's Point or Telegraph Hill.*

In a few hours after our arrival our odd collection of passengers had disappeared and the ship was deserted. The captain took me aside and kindly suggested that it would be more prudent for me to remain on board a few days, going ashore with the steward or cook when they went to market for provisions from day to day until I could find a situation.

Following the captain's advice, I did not go ashore until the next day. On landing at the foot of Broadway street, near Sansome, I saw crowds of men loading and unloading lighters and boats destined for Sacramento and Stockton. Every man seemed intent upon his work and in a great hurry. There were all kinds and conditions of people of all nationalities. One very well-dressed individual, with a gold watch and chain and gold-rimmed spectacles, was engaged in selling pies at a dollar apiece.

After several days of unsuccessful efforts, I called at the bank of Palmer, Cook & Co., on the plaza (Portsmouth Square), and was informed by a very kindly-looking gentleman (Mr. Cook) that if I could call again the next day he might know of something for me to do. His manner more than his words gave me great encouragement. I returned to the bank the next morning and presented my letter of introduction to Professor Shepherd from Mr. T. Sterry Hunt, chemist of the Geological Survey of Canada. Mr. Cook read it over carefully and, turning to me, said: "The professor left for the mines some weeks ago, but just where he is I do not know." He looked at me intently and asked, "What can you do?" "Anything to earn my living," I replied. "Well, that's right, my boy; take this check to Burgoyne & Co., on the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, and get it changed into money." Great was my astonishment that an utter stranger should trust me with the largest sum of money I had ever seen before in my life. It was about all I could carry; and when the bag of gold was emptied out on the counter, counted and found correct, I was handed a silver dollar. I was told that there would be nothing more for me to do then, but to come the next day. I returned to the ship delighted with my prospects. Going to the bank the next day at the appointed time, Mr. Cook informed me that if I would make myself generally useful about the place I would be paid at the rate of eighty dollars a month.

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* In 1852 the "Camilla" was purchased by the Mexican Government and equipped as a war-ship. In the same year she sailed from Mazatlan with two hundred men and was never afterward heard from. It was supposed that she was caught in a tornado off Cape St. Lucas and sunk with all on board.

My heart was full of gratitude and delight at being duly installed as bank messenger, porter, clerk and general factotum. My feeling of relief at this sudden change from a wandering adventurer to a bank attaché may be imagined but not described. My ragged and dirty clothing which, in spite of my vigilance, still harbored unwelcome specimens of Mazatlan insect life, humiliated me more than any other circumstance in my condition. However, this inconvenience lasted only a week. At the end of that time I received my first week's pay and with it procured some new clothing.

The bank offices were in the south end of an old adobe, which, before the conquest of California, had been used as a barracks. At the north end of the building were law offices and the office of a justice of the peace. Immediately adjoining the bank was the office of Mr. H. H. Haight, afterward Governor of California, with whom I became well acquainted.

In a few weeks I had quite familiarized myself with my new duties and found no difficulty in pleasing my employers.

The price of meals was exhorbitant. I could not afford to pay from two to three dollars for a breakfast or a dinner, the current rates at the restaurants, but I found that before the office opened at 9 in the morning and after it closed at 4 in the afternoon I had ample time to make tea and broil a steak over the coals in the big fireplace in the main office; and there all alone I ate in comfort. Had not this mode of living been adopted, all my earnings would have been spent in eating, even in the cheapest restaurants. As it was, my economy enabled me to send home to my mother fifty dollars a month.

Had I not been still affected with the coast fever, which every few days developed into a chill, and which did not cease for six months after my arrival, I should have enjoyed my new surroundings exceedingly. During the evenings the main office of the bank was a rendezvous for ship captains, mostly from Nantucket, New Bedford and New Haven — old friends and former neighbors of Messrs. Palmer and Cook, who were both born in the Island of Nantucket. There also were to be seen Captain Coffin and Captain Swain, who had navigated the Pacific Ocean since 1828, from Patagonia to Behring Sea, and whaling captains who had been familiar with almost every island of the south seas since their boyhood. Their stories of the sea were intensely interesting and much information was to be gathered from their quaint yarns.

Mr. Charles W. Rand, afterward U. S. Marshal of California during President Lincoln's administration, and Captain Frederick Myrick, a rough old sailor and a brother-in-law of Mr. C. W. Cook, were also frequent visitors at the bank. The latter was full of fun and very fond of joking. Even when he bore too heavily on the tender feelings of his victims no resentment was ever harbored against him except on one occasion that I remember. Mr. Angel, another of our constant visitors, was speaking of some of his experiences at Yale, from which college he had been graduated, when the captain rudely interrupted him, saying: "Angel, for the Lord's sake, never refer to your being at Yale! Don't you know that it is no credit to you? Don't you know that young men of common sense are never sent to college?" Angel, astonished, asked the captain what he meant. "If you don't know I must tell you. My father had nine sons. All of them possessed good common sense and were capable of going out into the world, after obtaining a common public school training, and supporting themselves independently. They all did so with the exception of one brother, who was sent to college, I think either to Yale or Harvard. This brother, poor fellow, was simple minded. That's why they sent him to college. Don't you know, Mr. Angel, that colleges are founded for no other purpose than to develop the latent intelligence of the weak-minded young men of the country who have rich and indulgent parents?" *

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* Captain Myrick was drowned off the mouth of the Umpqua River, Oregon, in 1854.

Another class of men made their rendezvous at the office of the bank—Baron Steinberger, a great speculator in cattle; Count Wass, Major Danburger, Uznay, and other Hungarian patriot refugees interested in the Mariposa Estate belonging to Colonel Fremont. While they were detained in completing their negotiations it was an interesting study to see and hear them discuss their business affairs, which they did in a very open, confidential manner, with the unaffected simplicity of children. They had also much to say about their country and of their great leader, Kossuth, whom they seemed to venerate and with whom they were suffering proscription, banishment and the confiscation of their property.

One day I chanced to meet a man who had been a fellow-passenger with me on board the "Camilla." He had brought up from Mazatlan a large invoice of potatoes, onions, beans and other merchandise, and had made quite a fortune by his venture. The potatoes he had sold at ten cents a pound, onions at thirty cents, and everything else at a like advance. He congratulated himself on being a rich man. About a month later I met him again, but he was woefully changed. A month before he had been a promising, handsome fellow in the prime of life, but now he was the picture of abject despair, and almost constantly under the influence of liquor. He told me that two months after our arrival he had been tempted to stake all his money at monte and had lost every cent. A few weeks later he died in the county hospital, a raving maniac.

This was a typical example of the sudden rise and fall in the fortunes of many California adventurers in those early days of wild speculation.

The gambling saloons of San Francisco at that time were gorgeous in the extreme. The walls were covered with paintings and mirrors, and music was constantly heard. There were ranges of tables where monte, faro, roulette, rouge et noir and other games were in full blast day and night. The faro tables were loaded in every direction with American gold eagles and Spanish doubloons. The brilliant lights, the strains of music, the moving crowds and the clink of money on the gaming tables contributed to make those wild nights forever memorable.

People of all conditions and nationalities, old and young, were represented in the passing throng.

The principal saloon was the El Dorado, on the corner of Washington and Kearny streets, where Chambers and Jack Gamble held forth. Both men were princes in their way, and spent their money as easily as they made it. Stephen Whipple's saloon was next in importance, but others almost as conspicuous flourished on Clay, Sacramento and Montgomery streets. A. J. Butler, a brother of the famous Benjamin F. Butler, was dealer at a faro table. In those days it was not considered unusual to see distinguished lawyers and judges openly betting at the tables.

The restaurants were generally owned by foreigners; and as there was a floating population of ten or fifteen thousand, these resorts were well patronized. Three dollars was the price of a dinner without wine. Toast, two eggs and a cup of coffee cost from seventy-five cents to one dollar. The market price of eggs was three dollars a dozen. On the bills of fare of most of the restaurants were to be found venison, antelope, elk and bear steaks, wild ducks, geese, and many varieties of fish.

The theatres were well patronized and the plays were of a higher order than those usually presented at the present day.

In 1850 and 1851 the Panama steamers arrived with the Eastern mails only once a month. When a mail steamer was due everybody anxiously watched Telegraph Hill for signals of her coming. Upon her arrival in the bay crowds would rush to the post-office, on the corner of Clay and Dupont streets, and form in a long line to await the distribution of the mail. Quite frequently an impatient man would buy a position near the head of the waiting column for five or ten dollars.

During the months of August and September, 1850, a number of burglaries and bold thefts were committed along the water front, which caused great alarm and anxiety. One night I was awakened by some one trying to open the front door of the office. Fortunately, my employers, apprehensive of such an attack, had advised me to sleep on the office counter; otherwise I might not have heard the disturbance. Cautiously sliding out of the blankets to the floor and going around the counter to reach the door, I saw a man peering into the office above the window-sill. All was still for a few moments, which seemed hours to me; then a key was inserted into the door lock. Again the outlines of a man's head appeared at the window. I could distinctly see the face. Just then another head appeared and another effort was made to get in. I did not wait for developments, but shouted "Thieves!" "Murder!" repeatedly, as loudly as I could, and struck and shook the door. There was a scramble down the steps, and a thud as of a heavy man falling. Opening the door, I saw two men run across the plaza and disappear in the darkness. Had they succeeded in effecting an entrance to the bank they would undoubtedly have silenced me and secured a large sum of money, as thirty thousand dollars in gold dust had been deposited the day before and placed in an iron chest under the counter.

A short time after this incident I was again awakened about midnight by a confused sound of many voices. The noise grew louder and louder, and a light appeared at the Clay-street window. At first the uproar seemed like a nightmare, but soon I was wide awake. Looking through the window, I was astonished to see in the uncertain light an object hanging to the cross-beams supporting the roof of the veranda. I heard a command: "Stop pulling; he's as high as he can go." Then there was a confusion of voices, and more commands. Presently some one cried, "Let us see his face!" Looking over the plaza I could see a mob gathering around the old adobe building as the dark-lantern cast its unsteady beams upon portions of the crowd; and finally the light flashed upon the horrible, distorted features of a man hanging by his neck, not thirty feet from where I stood. The mob soon dispersed, and I got into my blankets on the counter—not to sleep, however, as voices under the veranda could be heard discussing whether the man's neck was broken and whether he was dead. I passed a restless night, looking out every now and then upon the corpse swaying to and fro before my window.

I well remember it

Daylight came, and the body of Jenkins was taken away. It was supposed that he was one of the gang of thieves who attempted to rob the bank. There were no more thefts, murders or outrages for a long time after that.

My Sundays were usually passed in taking long walks over the hills toward the Presidio. I often visited the Spanish fort and made sketches of the ruins of the old Presidio. While busy sketching one afternoon, a number of officers came to see what I was doing. Colonel E. D. Keyes, commanding the port at the time, seemed much interested in my crude drawings. We became well acquainted, and I frequently met him and other army officers at the bank, where they had accounts.

The fortifications at the point beyond the Presidio consisted of an open circular area surrounded by a wall of brick and stone masonry up to the very edge of the precipitous cliff, about one hundred feet above the level of the sea. This point commanded a magnificent view of the water and Golden Gate entrance. A few years later it was reduced to twenty feet above the sea, and now constitutes the foundation of Fort Winfield Scott.

Within the half-ruined walls of the fort were several dismounted bronze cannon, bearing the dates 1684, 1740 and 1763, respectively.

I never tired of visiting this entrance to the great Bay of San Francisco, which all the early navigators of the Pacific Coast had failed to discover, until Portola first beheld it in 1767.

Another of my favorite strolls was to Black Point (Point San José), where could be seen the remains of a Russian fort, on a smaller scale than that of the Spaniards at Point Lobos. It consisted of earthworks only, and scattered about were a few modern Russian cannon and mortars. From this place, too, the view was splendid. Varieties of lupine, columbine and many other wild-flowers grew here in luxuriance, and many clusters of them were gathered in those days and appreciated as never flowers were before or since.

One Sunday, curious to know what was stored in the attic of the old adobe, I got a ladder and climbed up under the eaves. The heavy tile roof was supported by poles resting on the cross-beams, and kept in place by thongs of rawhide. From the point of the gable to the floor of the attic was a distance of about twelve feet, and the room was about thirty feet wide by over one hundred feet in length. I found in this dimly-lighted, dusty attic all kinds of warlike paraphernalia. Old flint-locks, pikes, lances, battle flags, ammunition, cartridge boxes and tents were in disorderly heaps. The attic was so full that there was very little room to walk about. My attention was attracted by several boxes labeled "Lieutenant Hammond," "Captain Moore," "Captain Johnson," which I was afterward informed contained the bodies of United States army officers who had been killed on the battle field of San Pasquale, near San Diego, where the Mexican forces under Castro and Pico had engaged the Americans under General Phil. Kearny. The remains had been consigned to San Francisco, thence to be transferred to their final resting place in the Eastern States; but in the hurry and confusion attendant upon the American occupation of the country, and the excitement occasioned by the discovery of gold, they had been forgotten. In the great fire of 1851 the adobe building was burned, together with all its contents, including my little collection of birds, minerals and sketches which I had gathered since my arrival in San Francisco.

The steamer "Oregon" brought the news of the admission of California into the Union, and on October 29, 1850, the event was celebrated by a procession, speeches on Portsmouth Square in front of the old adobe, the firing of cannon, and bands of music. What interested me most was the number of Chinese who participated in the procession, with their barbaric, brilliant-colored silk dresses and gorgeous banners. At night there was a general illumination of the houses of the city.

In December, 1850, becoming dissatisfied with the menial routine work thrust upon me by the junior partner of the firm (Mr. Jones), I began to think seriously of going to the mines, notwithstanding the attractive novelty of my surroundings. Distinguished men and noted characters from all parts of the world, who were interested in mining operations and in land and cattle schemes, passed in and out of the bank, and were a source of great interest and instruction to me. As a further allurement the papers contained daily accounts of rich strikes in the mines and of fortunes made in a few months or in as many days.

The discovery of a rich "pocket" in the Josephine Mine at Mariposa had much to do with my decision to go to the diggings. In a few weeks this "pocket" had produced more than fifty thousand dollars. Magnificent specimens of quartz were exhibited, nearly half their weight being pure gold. One piece of quartz weighing not over five hundred pounds, with gold to be seen all over its surface, contained fifteen hundred and sixty dollars' worth of the precious metal. These fine specimens of quartz attracted much attention, and so delighted those interested in the Mariposa Estate that a banquet was given in commemoration of the discovery, in which Mr. H. H. Haight, General McDougall, Mr. Gregory Yale, Colonel Jack Hayes and others participated. They were all wild with delight over their prospective millions. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm. They acted at the banquet like so many children. Placed on the festal dining-table in the most conspicuous places were quartz specimens fresh from their mines, glittering all over with virgin gold. Everybody present was convinced of the inexhaustibility of the mines. Reports of further developments were read, and it was suggested that Colonel Jack Hayes be engaged to convoy the gold bullion from Mariposa to San Francisco. The Colonel being asked how he would manage its safe conduct, said that with twenty-five men which he might enlist from his Texan Rangers scattered about the State, he would guarantee the safe delivery in San Francisco of any amount of gold bullion that might be entrusted to him. Being asked what compensation he would require, he replied, in his amusing and hesitating manner, that he would undertake the responsibility for twenty-five thousand dollars, payable monthly. Thereupon Mr. Yale agreed to place the proposition before the board of directors, and said he would urge that body to engage the Colonel.

I need not say that many good mining prospects often resulted in the expenditure of enormous sums of money in endeavors to find "pockets" which did not exist.*

Excited by all the glowing accounts of the untold wealth of the mines, I notified Mr. Cook that my purpose was to go to Mariposa and try my fortune there. "Very well," he said; "you will never be contented until you have gone to the mines and seen the elephant. I will give you a letter to my brother George, who is in charge of one of Colonel Fremont's mines, and he will befriend you. Should you not succeed, return at any time to San Francisco and you will have a place with us."

Toward the end of December, 1850, I paid sixteen dollars for a passage to Stockton on board a steamer crowded with passengers and all kinds of merchandise destined for the mines. I remained on deck all night, looking across the tule-covered valley of the San Joaquin. As we ascended the river the moon and stars were shining brilliantly, and the vast tule plains seemed as boundless as the ocean. At different points fires were burning, imparting to those black, apparently interminable wastes a grandeur and solemnity indescribable.

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* The regular distribution of ore, even of a low grade, has been found to be a much more favorable indication of the value of a mine than one containing "bunches" or "pockets." In those days mining machinery was of a primitive character, and in consequence many mines, however valuable, were in the condition of a mine held by a Frenchman at Hornitos, who stated that the ore would yield "thirty-two dollair to de ton, but it will cost thirty-six dollairs to get it out."

Arriving at Stockton, I joined a party of freighters on their way to Mariposa with great wagons, or, as they were then called, prairie schooners, drawn by three and four yoke of oxen. There was plenty of novelty in every direction to interest one traveling over this new and almost unknown country. On either side live-oaks beautified the scene and made the plains look like an old orchard stretching out into endless distance. We frequently would come upon bands of deer and antelope quietly grazing among the trees, and they would trot away leisurely as we approached. At night we camped after traveling twelve or fifteen miles, and were often disturbed by the barking of coyotes that prowled about the camp from sunset to sunrise.

Our party grew restless at the slow progress we were making, and resolved to abandon the freight wagons. The next morning we set out on foot, and that day we made as much progress as on the two previous days, walking twenty-five miles without fatigue in the bracing atmosphere. As we approached the foothills game became more plentiful. At times we saw bands of elk, deer and antelope in such numbers that they actually darkened the plains for miles, and looked in the distance like great herds of cattle.

At night we slept on the open plain, but our slumber was often disturbed by the hungry coyotes. In the night fog or mist they were greatly magnified in size, and appeared to us as large and fierce as wolves.

At last we reached the banks of the Merced River, the bottom lands of which are about fifty feet below the general level of the plains. Beautiful groves of tall live-oaks and wild grape-vines diversified the scene, and the open glades were covered with verdure and lovely flowers. The river by which we camped was clear as crystal and full of fine trout.

Near our camp was a place called Snellings, consisting of a hotel and barroom, blacksmith shop and several shanties. On the night of our arrival a pistol-shot was fired over a gambling table in the barroom by a drunken miner. The shot killed a man who was asleep in a room above. Much excitement prevailed at the time, but the event was apparently forgotten the next day as if nothing unusual had happened.

We were much concerned about the Indian war being waged in the vicinity. The danger of traveling prevented any one from proceeding on his way to the mines, and every day added to the number detained at Snellings.

After waiting some time I became impatient; and one morning at daybreak started out alone, against the advice of others who refused to accompany me. This was a rather foolhardy undertaking, as the Indians only a few days before had killed three miners on the road to Mariposa, and a party of Texan Rangers under Major Savage was in pursuit of the miscreants. This news, however, instead of deterring me made me feel more secure in undertaking the trip, as I thought the Major and his men would be sure to divert the Indians from the highway and cause them to retreat into the mountains. Starting out at break of day, I walked over one-third of the distance to Mariposa before noon. The day was lovely, the air cool and bracing and the scenery splendid. It was a delightful and exciting walk. There was no sign of Indians, and the only living things to attract my attention were startled bands of deer and antelope as they disappeared over the hillsides. I reached Bear Valley some time before sunset; but it soon grew dark, as the road led through groves of heavy pine timber, which, as I approached Mariposa, made the darkness almost impenetrable. I lost my way. My only course now was to descend into the bed of the river and follow it. In doing so my path was every few moments obstructed by heaps of dirt or gravel thrown up by the miners in their search for gold. While walking about at random I fell into a pit with at least three feet of water in the bottom, and it was a long time before I succeeded, almost exhausted, in scrambling out. Thoroughly tired, I sat down on a mound of gravel, not knowing where next to turn and having only the vaguest idea of where I was. I sat for a long time musing, wet, cold and half famished, when through the darkness I fancied I saw a light in the distance. With renewed hopes I started out again, stumbling and climbing over heaps of débris of miners' workings, and soon reached the cabin lighted by the welcome beacon. I knocked at the door of the cabin, and to my surprise and delight it was opened by George Cook himself. He gave me a most cordial welcome, and even insisted upon my accepting his own bed, as he knew, he said, how tired I must be after such a walk. Nothing could exceed his brotherly kindness.

I soon ascertained that my sphere of usefulness in the mines was quite limited. My strength and endurance were hardly equal to the hard labor of shoveling dirt and sand, sinking pits and washing gravel in the river beds, or standing waist-deep in ice-cold water while the sun poured down its fervent rays on my head. The fact was soon apparent that I had "seen the elephant"; and after consulting with my good friend George Cook, he approved my idea of returning to San Francisco and resuming my old place with Palmer, Cook & Co.

I sold the three or four ounces of gold dust I had obtained from washing gravel, and early one morning started out on foot on my return to San Francisco. The first day I reached Snellings, a distance of thirty-six miles from Mariposa. It was a delightful walk, and the weather was perfect. On the second day I arrived at Dry Creek, and camped alone on the dry bed of the water-course in a grove of big cottonwood trees. At daylight the next morning I was suddenly awakened by the heavy tramp and noise of large animals, and on looking through the fog which prevailed I could see indistincly, not thirty yards away, giant-like figures of elk passing, so to speak, in procession before me. They were tossing their great antlers about and snuffing excitedly. Suddenly, with one accord and with an impulse that shook the ground like an earthquake, they swept out of sight. It was a procession of phantoms such as one might conceive in a nightmare, and left an impression on my youthful mind never to be forgotten.

Arriving at Stockton without further incident, I took passage on the steamer and arrived in San Francisco just after the great fire of 1851. This fire had destroyed the old adobe and all its contents, and devastated several blocks between Montgomery and Kearny streets and along Washington and Clay streets. Palmer, Cook & Co. moved temporarily into the "Commercial Exchange" Building, on the northeast corner of Kearny and Clay streets, while they awaited the completion of their new building on the northwest corner of Kearny and Washington streets, specially arranged for their bank accommodation.

I was warmly greeted on my return, and resumed my former duties. On moving into the new quarters, which occupied the northern end of the building on Kearny street, many changes were made through the great increase of business. More clerks were engaged, and my duties became more important. I was given charge of the collection of the rents from the company's real estate, and the general management of this department soon fell to my lot.

About this time Mr. George Read, a native of New York, became cashier of the bank. He was one of the most inconsistent of men, exceedingly selfish and pompous, yet possessed of good manners, quick and accurate perceptions, and well informed on a great many subjects. Being older, he assumed a fatherly interest in me and gave me good advice; but unfortunately his example was questionable, and the result was a contempt on my part for both his example and advice. Read was very socially inclined, and, owing to his position and tact, had access to the best society in the city. We frequently made social calls together.

On Sundays we took long rambles over the hills toward the Presidio. We also used to visit an old French gardener named Candé, whose flower-garden occupied a portion of the hundred-vara lot on the southwest corner of Market and Fourth streets, the property of a Captain Merrill. Read wanted me to join him in the purchase of this lot for ten thousand dollars, which I lacked the courage to do, fearing the responsibility of so much debt. Read had no more money nor credit than I had at the time, but he was much older and more experienced, and did not hesitate to take the risk of the venture. The purchase of this property enriched him; and when he died, in 1867, it reverted to his widow, who soon after married Admiral Baldwin, distinguished as the commander of the steamer "Vanderbilt" in her chase around the world after the rebel cruisers during the Civil War. This property was estimated to be worth nearly a million dollars in 1870, about the time of the Admiral's death.

Another man with whom I became well acquainted was Captain Griffith, one of the bank accountants. He was a Scotchman; sincere, proud and independent in thought and action, rather cynical, very reserved and never disposed to assume familiarity with any one. He was altogether a notable character, a man whose excellent advice and example made a lasting impression upon me. We often walked out together to the Mission Dolores to visit an old St. Louis friend of his, Mr. John Center, who owned an extensive garden at the Mission, and who was another rough diamond of a Scotchman like Captain Griffith. These walks were delightful. The Captain had traveled and read a great deal; and as we rambled over the Mission hills his talk was full of pleasant anecdote and information. He was in every sense of the word a gentleman, although severe and just in his judgment of contemporaries. His comments on passing events were always excellent.*

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*An occurrence which illustrated a droll phase of Captain Griffith's character was his disappointment at the reception of a number of colored lithographs which he had ordered through a correspondent in Germany, and which he intended to forward to China to have copied in oils by Chinese artists at Hongkong. The Captain had taken great pains to describe to his correspondent just what he wanted, and he consulted me in the matter. I did all I could to discourage the scheme, considering it impracticable, and endeavored in every way to convince him that however good his pictures might be, the oil copies made in China would be inferior in every way to the lithographs. But with his Scotch persistency he ordered from Germany the colored lithographs. When they arrived he informed me in a confiding and impressive manner that after office hours we should have the pleasure of inspecting his invoice of pictures. He cautioned me not to reveal the fact of their arrival to any one, in order that we might enjoy undisturbed an inspection of the most beautiful pictures ever imported into California. When the sealed roll was opened the pictures were found to be execrable productions. Never did a face express such disgust as the Captain's when he viewed these works of art. I did not dare to laugh aloud; but, excusing myself, I

When the bank closed, in 1858, Captain Griffith purchased land in the vicinity of Los Angeles, which he planted with orange, walnut and olive trees. He died there early in the sixties.

One of my most pleasant recreations during 1851-52 was the inspection of old ships that arrived here in the early days. Along the wharves and shores of the bay from Clark's Point to Happy Valley there could be seen all kinds of deep-sea vessels, nearly all having reached their last anchorage. What a history of adventure many of them represented! There was the old-fashioned ship built early in the present century, and a few that were launched near the end of the last. Some had been dismantled, and their huge hulks were used for storage of merchandise; others for boarding-houses and stores along Jackson, Pacific, Clay and Commercial streets. Still others were beached and being broken up for their copper sheathing, and for solid oaken planks, which were extensively used to pave the streets of the city. The

abruptly left the room and gave full vent to a fit of laughter. Regaining control of myself, I returned to the Captain and found him consumed with wrath and swearing like a trooper. It was difficult to prevent him from destroying all the pictures, good, bad and indifferent. Most of them depicted coarse, vulgar scenes, fit subjects for the adornment of a barroom. The best of the lot he sent to China to be copied. The situation was doubly droll from the fact that the Captain was a singularly pure-minded man—a thorough Puritan in thought and action.

oldest of those ships had quaint, remarkable carvings in the woodwork of their cabins, stern, and rudder posts. The figureheads at their prows were peculiarly interesting: they formed rare and indeed pathetic studies to the artist. Those old ships in their best days were the peers of any vessels of their time; but their voyages were ended, and they were soon replaced by the magnificent fleet of clipper ships, properly termed "racers of the sea." How often have I watched from Telegraph Hill the impressive entry of these ships into the Golden Gate, oftentimes with all their sails set. Among the most noted I remember "The Sword Fish," "The Glory of the Seas," "The Flying Cloud," "The Comet," and "The Golden Fleece." Those splendid vessels often made the passage from New York and Boston to San Francisco in less than one hundred days. It was truly a delightful experience to watch such triumphs of maritime architecture majestically pass into the harbor.

Juan B. Alvarado, Governor of California from 1836 to 1842, made his headquarters at the bank when visiting San Francisco, where he used to meet his old friends Don Andreas Pico, Pablo de la Guerra, General Coverrubias, and other native Californians, who made the place their rendezvous. On several occasions he gave me pressing invitations to visit him at his home at San Pablo. Accordingly in May, 1852,

Familiar names

H L P

I rode over from Oakland to San Pablo. Beyond a short distance from Oakland there were no improvements whatever, not even a fence. The country was an open, uncultivated plain. No one supposed at that time that the land was susceptible of cultivation or good for anything but pasture land. It was not held to be worth over two dollars an acre. The plains and foothills were covered with a luxuriant growth of wild oats, clover and wild flowers, and alive with quail, blackbirds and meadow-larks.

Arriving at the Governor's house, an old adobe building with a wide veranda, we were shown into a great reception room with a spacious fireplace at one end, over which was a rudely-carved, antiquated cornice. The room was quite bare of furniture. There was nothing except ordinary chairs placed close together around three sides of the room, as in all the great ranchero houses in California. This room is generally used as a place of social reunion, and for fiestas, hence the number of chairs to accommodate the crowds who come on every festive occasion. The Governor was absent when I arrived, but in a short time he appeared and gave me a cordial welcome. He informed me that he had just returned from a remote part of the ranch fronting on the bay shore, where had been recently a camp of cattle-thieves who had been regularly engaged in slaughtering his cattle and shipping the meat to San Francisco. Several of the Governor's vaqueros had recently been killed, and he had now determined to punish some of the thieves if he could find them. "But," said he, "they are very *bravo*, cunning and bold—much more so than my vaqueros—but I intend to hunt those thieves down myself, or they will soon kill all my cattle. The worst of it is, they always select the fattest." He thus chatted on pleasantly until we were summoned to breakfast. The table was embellished by wild flowers and also by some old pieces of solid silver plate; but the food consisted of "carne con chili colorado," jerked beef, tortillas and coffee. Within view of the veranda of the house were thousands of cattle roaming over the hills belonging to the rancho; notwithstanding this, there was no milk, no fresh butter, and no fresh meat on the table. The Governor's household consisted of his wife, a woman past middle age, with a sad, careworn face, and a number of children, none of whom seemed to possess their father's high breeding and distinguished appearance. The Governor was a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He was considered the most able and accomplished of all the early Governors under the Spanish rule, and certainly was one of the most courteous gentlemen I ever met. He was famous as a fearless horseman. Many romantic tales were told of his daring feats, such as capturing grizzly bears with a lasso, and other thrilling adventures.

In 1845 Governor Alvarado headed the revolution which overthrew Governor Micheltoreno. Unlike the Vallejos, Alvarado did not affiliate with the Americans, whom he regarded with suspicion, if not positive dislike. He was too polite and cautious, however, to express his feelings openly in this matter; but I readily detected his true sentiments, as he always looked upon me as a foreigner, and spoke to me in a confidential manner about the Americans, whom he regarded as the enemies of his country.

Baron Steinberger was another notable character who frequented the bank. He had been a great cattle dealer in St. Louis, and came to San Francisco in 1849, bringing letters of recommendation to some of the army and naval officers on this coast. He soon obtained important contracts for cured and salted beef for the use of the army and navy. This supply did away with the necessity of shipping salt beef around Cape Horn.

The Baron had a butcher-shop at the foot of Broadway and a salting establishment at the foot of Powell street, opposite the place where Billy Warner and his menagerie and cobwebs were established, and where they remained until a recent period.

Baron Steinberger was a remarkably fine-looking man and a favorite with every one. He possessed a wonderful gift of inspiring confidence and good-will among the people he met. His striking and commanding appearance was not equaled by any man I ever saw, with the one exception of Secretary Salmon P. Chase of President Lincoln's cabinet. He soon enriched himself, as he had few or no competitors. His sales were enormous, and he paid nobody if he could help it. Quantities of beef were furnished him by the cattle thieves who systematically robbed Governor Alvarado and the Castros of San Pablo, and the Murphys of San Rafael. But in his great speculations he became hopelessly bankrupt. In 1861 he followed Fremont to St. Louis, where he soon afterward died in one of the hospitals.

Mr. A. E. Davis was for a short time, in 1851–52, a lively competitor of the Baron, but only in pork. The event which established the foundation of his subsequent wealth and gave him the sobriquet of "Hog Davis," was the purchase of a cargo of hogs from the Sandwich Islands. The captain and owner of the vessel being in some way offended at the Baron, who proposed to purchase the ship-load of hogs for gold on delivery, rejected his offer and sold them to Davis on credit at the rate of fifteen cents a pound on foot. Davis in turn resold them dressed to retailers at the rate of eighty cents a pound, thus realizing a small fortune.

William Wood, or, as he was called, "Billy" Wood, a shrewd little fellow, was also a notable character in those days. He was a native of New York and had a butcher-stall in the Fulton-street Market before coming to California. Arriving here in 1849, he made money rapidly, and in 1850 opened a bank account with Palmer, Cook & Co. It was said of him that, like Baron Steinberger, he could do the largest business on the least capital of any of the cattle dealers. I have heard it stated that he would purchase a small band of cattle in Southern California, and while leisurely driving them through to San Francisco would increase the band to a thousand head or more as he passed through the extensive cattle ranges, without making any further purchase. These cattle were turned over to Steinberger and other traders in San Francisco. The fortune Wood acquired in this manner was lost, in 1854, through a joint speculation with his patron, the Baron. This mode of driving cattle and sheep was very profitable, not only to Billy Wood, but to many others at that time. The trusting and indolent rancheros were neither vigilant nor tenacious in maintaining their rights, nor did they consider their thousands of cattle of much value. The daring and unscrupulous drovers passed through the ranchos, taking no pains to separate their cattle from those belonging to others with which they became purposely mixed on their way to San Francisco.

In the spring of 1852 I met Colonel Fremont for the first time at the residence of Messrs. Palmer and Cook, the morning of his arrival in San Francisco after his fifth and last expedition across the continent. He was heavily bearded and looked weatherbeaten and bronzed by the sun and wind. Fremont was at that time in the prime of life, dignified, yet genial and courteous, and appeared a much younger man than I had expected to see. With a piercing bright eye, a fine head, and a trim, commanding figure, he fully realized my ideal of a hero. As the Colonel was the guest of Mr. Palmer for several months following, I met him almost daily and came to know him well. I met several of his guides, who remained for some time with him in San Francisco. I particularly remember Alexander Godoy, who, next to Carson, was the most famous and heroic. Godoy told me many of his experiences in the Rocky Mountains. He was an unimpressive, almost insignificant little man at first sight, but on better acquaintance his true character shone forth, and there was no mistaking the indomitable will and courage hidden beneath his diffidence. He always addressed me in French, as his knowledge of English was limited. In 1853 he consulted me about the purchase of several thousand acres of grazing land in the mountains south of San José, and made it a sheep-run. He was quite successful with his flocks of sheep. Godoy died a few years later, after a life of thrilling adventure.

No one familiar with the history of the conquest and settlement of California, in which Fremont was the chief actor, would dare asperse his fame as a patriot and gallant officer. His relationship with Senator Benton gave him exceptional opportunities to distinguish himself; and, having made good use of those advantages, he roused the envy of many senior West Point officers, who tried by every means to embarrass him and detract from the merit of his achievements. His great popularity among the native Californians was fairly won by his amiable, courtly manners and his notable magnanimity toward his opponents — the Mexicans — whom he invariably treated with consideration and kindness.

Samuel Brannan was another of the early and most noted of the California pioneers. He came here with a company of Mormons, and arrived at Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) in 1846. The party had no sooner arrived then they commenced quarreling among themselves, and soon were divided and scattered over the country. Brannan was accused of misdeeds and unfair dealing, the truth or falsity of which was never established. It was sufficient to know that the contention prevented a settlement of the Mormons as a community in California, and the association was broken up. Some of them joined Fremont's battalion, which had just then been formed to oppose Castro and prevent him from carrying out his threat to expel all foreigners from the country; others went to Salt Lake.

Brannan was remarkable for his intuitive knowledge of men, his bold self-assertion and generosity. These qualities made him a leader in nearly all the stirring and important events of the "golden era." In 1847 he published the *California Star*, which was edited by Dr. Jones. Through his foresight he was nearly always successful in his business enterprises. Brannan was one of the heaviest investors in the original stock of the overland railroad, and among the first to recognize its importance and foresee its success, although many predicted at the time that no man then living would ever see it completed. A difficulty occurred between Brannan and the railroad magnates Stanford and Crocker, and in 1873 the matter was referred to the courts for adjudication. John B. Felton was Brannan's lawyer, and I was engaged to print a voluminous brief in the case; but before the papers and brief were filed in court the suit was settled, Brannan receiving two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, of which Felton received one-fifth.

At the time of the French occupation of Mexico Brannan advanced to the Mexicans a considerable sum of money, which he could not recover. But in 1878 the Government of Mexico fully recognized his claim, and, having more land than money at their disposal, offered to grant him an immense tract of mineral and agricultural land within the territory occupied by the Yaqui Indians in the State of Sonora, being a district which neither the Spaniards since the time of Cortez, nor during the administration of the Government, past or present, have ever conquered from that warlike tribe. Reluctantly accepting the offer of the grant in 1855, after waiting thirty-three years for something more tangible, and relying on the promise of the Government to place him in immediate possession, he determined to interest some of his pioneer friends and engage them in the enterprise of developing the agricultural and mineral resources of his new El Dorado in Sonora; but all they did was to listen with polite attention to his glowing accounts of what might be done with his new acquisition. Unfortunately, age and bodily infirmities came upon him, aggravated by dissipation, and he gradually lost the confidence of those he relied upon for support. With bitter feelings toward the men who refused to take any stock in his Sonora lands, and with little money and less credit, he boldly started out to establish himself in the midst of hostile Indians. Arriving near the border of the Yaqui country, he was stopped by the Indians, who would not permit him and his few followers to survey nor even to see his promised lands. Returning to Guaymas, still hoping that the Mexican Government would place him in possession, he failed to obtain any other satisfaction than the cheerful and oft-repeated promise that in a short time they would turn the Indians off the land and place him in possession. After remaining some months at Guaymas he went to Nogalas, on the border-line between the United States and Mexico, where he died in abject poverty and neglect.

Brannan possessed ungovernable passions which eclipsed some of his noble qualities. To the end of his career he commanded the respect of friend and foe alike for his indomitable energy and courage and his readiness on every occasion to espouse the cause of the weak, even at the risk of his life.

I became well acquainted with Governor John A. Stanly, of North Carolina, in 1853. He was a gentleman of the old school. It was in his office where I first met Captain Isaac Graham, who was a character well known to all the pioneers. In 1832 Graham crossed the Rocky Mountains from Tennessee and settled in the Santa Cruz Mountains. In 1836 he became involved in the revolution against the Mexican Government with Alvarado and Castro, and assisted them in the capture of Monterey in 1836.

Graham was prominent in all the political schemes of those early days, until Fremont came with his little party of mountaineers, bringing all Castro's schemes to a halt and putting an end to the civil strife in California.

Governor Stanly was the friend and legal adviser of Graham, and in the spring of 1854 I spent several days in examining and reporting upon the resources of Captain Graham's grant in the Santa Cruz Mountains, in the interest of Governor Stanly. I found the old fellow's mode of living very primitive ; and although his reception was cordial and I was made welcome, the material comforts offered me in his dirty log cabin did not compare favorably with those outside in the shade of the giant redwood trees. Otherwise I was highly entertained by his personal reminescences of early times in California. But the old mountaineer had seen his best days, and was enfeebled by excessive drinking. Even then he was a man of erect and massive frame, and was over six feet in height. Although a shadow of his former self, I could not help thinking what a grand specimen of physical strength he must have been in his prime. The wreck was certainly a magnificent one.

Among the other notable men I sometimes met was William Walker, a Tennesseean. He was a small man, gray-eyed, freckled and unattractive, and extremely reserved. Most of those he met in the bank were Southerners and veterans of the Mexican War. Many of his interviews with these men were held in the private office, but most often on the sidewalk in front of the bank, where groups of followers could be seen every day on the corner of Kearny and Washington streets. It was evident that great influence was being brought to bear on Mr. Palmer to induce him to embark in some enterprise about which there was much mystery; but the following events explained everything.

In the fall of 1853 Walker chartered the bark "Caroline," and with fifty or sixty men sailed for the peninsula of Lower California, and landed at La Paz. These adventurers, or pirates, made a prisoner of the Governor and proclaimed Lower California an independent republic. Walker was then elected President by his few followers, and he in turn appointed many of them cabinet members and to other high places. Their next theatre of operations was at Ensenada, a hamlet on the bay of Todos Santos, just south of the boundary line. From this place they sent sensational accounts of their conquests to San Diego and San Francisco, where a great impression was made among the restless, floating population. Many came down from the mines to offer their services; in fact, many more volunteered than were accepted. The authorities took no action whatever to prevent the sailing of the bark "Anita" with over two hundred men. The papers and the people thought that the expedition was a very good joke, and also thought that in some way Palmer, Cook & Co. was connected with it, which was not the fact.

In due time the expedition arrived at Ensenada. The leaders took possession of the only considerable house, one belonging to Francisco Gastelume, and then proceeded to Santo Tomas, where Melendres and a few Mexicans and Indians made a feeble resistance. Several were killed on both sides, but the filibusters were too numerous, and all the loss and suffering were on the side of the natives. They destroyed all the property on the estate of La Grullia, which was then the most productive ranch on the frontier, appropriating everything they could eat or carry off.

Walker then established, by proclamation, the Republic of Lower California, and proclaimed that of Sonora, embracing both within the same boundaries. Then commenced his march over the Coast Range of mountains to Sonora by way of the valley of La Trinidad.

Antonio Melendres and a number of Indians and Mexicans were in the meantime preparing to ambuscade the filibusters at the foot of the range overlooking the Colorado, at the only point where fresh water could be obtained to supply the immense number of cattle which they were driving along with their other plunder. Melendres was in a position to observe from a distance the approach of Walker without himself being seen. Early in the evening, favored by the obscurity of the night, he approached the camp of the filibusters with his forty men, and posted the Indians near the cattle, with orders that just before daylight they should stampede them through the narrow defile of the mountain below which Walker and his men were encamped. The latter were soundly sleeping in fancied security. Just before sunrise the next morning, at a preconcerted signal, a fearful noise was made by the firing of guns and the loud cries of the Indians, and the great drove of cattle was stampeded through and over the camp with a noise and shock which made the earth tremble. Walker and his followers were completely overwhelmed, and many of them were trampled to death. This was immediately followed up by an attack by Melendres and his men, which put the filibusters to flight and scattered them so that they could not rally. The cattle which Walker had intended to drive into California and sell were so completely dispersed that they were never recovered.

With heroic courage, worthy of a better cause, Walker slowly retreated to the boundary line with a handful of men. Harassed by Melendres and the Indians, destitute of supplies, famished and quite dispirited, they surrendered themselves as prisoners to the United States troops. When taken to San Francisco many were set at liberty on their parole. Most of the men who were left behind on the peninsula were scattered in small bands and killed by the Indians. Others wandered over the desert and perished from thirst and starvation.

Walker, in 1855, went to Nicaragua, where he met with varied success as President and Dictator. Afterward he went to Honduras, where he was captured, condemned by court-martial, and shot at Truxillo in 1860. His reward was an early death, and such questionable fame as a pirate wins.

I was also well acquainted with Dr. Tucker and others who accompanied this daring, cruel, unscrupulous character from the beginning to the end of his short and eventful career.*

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*On my visit to Lower California, in 1885, Governor Royo, of San Vicente, related to me many interesting particulars of the

On April 4, 1853, the California Academy of Sciences was organized, and I became one of its charter members May 16th of the same year. Its constitution and by-laws were adopted by forty-one subscribers, of whom Mr. Samuel Hubbard, Mr. Ernest F. Lorquin and myself are now the only surviving members. We met in the Phoenix Block, on Clay street, occupying a suite of rooms in the upper story of the building.

Among the most active members were Dr. Albert Kellogg, Mr. J. B. Trask, Mr. F. J. Nevins, Drs. Henry and William Gibbons, Mr. William Bloomer, Mr. William M. Gabb and Mr. Leander Ransom. The meetings were sometimes more grotesque and amusing than scientific, and were not always harmonious; but on the whole were very interesting and instructive. The brothers Henry and William Gibbons were much opposed to smoking during the business sessions of the Academy, and they were not always gracious in the manner of rebuking the offenders. Several members were devoted to their pipes of tobacco, which, as may be imagined, were not symbols of peace and contentment. Dr. Behr

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outrages perpetrated by Walker, to which the Governor himself was an eye-witness. I made a sketch of the old Gastelume house occupied by Walker in 1853, which was besieged by Melendres for several days. During this siege seventeen men were killed and many wounded. The house was destroyed by fire in 1892.

and Professor Gabb were the chief offenders. They wittily replied to the Gibbons' attacks by setting forth the utility of tobacco smoke in destroying moths and other insects that damaged the specimens in the collection of the Academy.

One night when there were more smokers than usual and the small rooms were disagreeably filled with smoke and dimly lighted by three or four tallow candles, Dr. Henry Gibbons entered with a double-headed cabbage under one arm and a bag of infected fruit and vegetables under the other. Placing his burden on the table, and casting an excited glance at his audience, he commenced his lecture on the objects he had brought with him. After a short talk he stopped suddenly in the midst of his remarks, deliberately put back into his bag the cabbage and infected fruit, and without any apology left the room in great wrath.

The first decade of the existence of the Academy of Sciences was a constant struggle with debt. The poverty of its members prevented them from making a prompt settlement of their regular dues. I, as treasurer of the institution part of that time, found the position no sinecure. On one occasion, when two years' rent was due and it seemed a hopeless task to obtain the twelve hundred dollars required, I submitted the case to Palmer, Cook & Co., who were our landlords. I stated to Mr. Palmer that the Academy was without means, and with no prospect of obtaining any in the near future, and that we had about decided to pack up our collection, store it somewhere and bide our time. In reply, he said: "Well, as your institution is not a money-making one, tell the society at its next meeting that they can have the rooms they occupy rent free hereafter, or until such time as they can afford to pay rent; and you can pay the amount already due when convenient." I need not add that no rent was ever paid to Palmer, Cook & Co. thereafter while they owned the property, and not a cent on account of the twelve hundred dollars due.

In 1861 Professor J. D. Whitney and some of his associates gave new life and interest to the proceedings of the Academy.

In 1867 Professor George Davidson carried three of the members (Messrs. Kellogg, Harford and Theodore Blake) as assistants in his scientific party to Alaska; and the reports of these gentlemen, together with the large collections which were donated to the Academy, again awakened much interest in original investigation.

James Lick had watched this work in 1872; and to his frequent conferences with Professor Davidson, in 1873 and 1874, the Academy is indebted for its present prosperity.

Professor Louis Agassiz visited San Francisco in 1872, and his reception in the old rooms of the Academy on Clay street was a memorable event to us all. His fine appearance and simple, delightful address on that occasion, and afterwards in the foyer of the California Theatre, will not be forgotten by those who heard him. The list of members was very largely increased through the enthusiasm created by this event.

Since 1880 there has been a large accession of money and property donated by James Lick. Subsequently Mr. Charles F. Crocker and Senator Leland Stanford purchased from Professor Warde a palæontological collection for sixteen thousand dollars and presented it to the Academy. Professor Davidson raised thirty-seven hundred dollars by subscription to keep this collection on exhibition for two years in the Mercantile Library, before the Academy moved into its new quarters. This collection is one of the most interesting and instructive of all the objects on exhibition in the Academy Building on Market street.

One of the most munificent gifts to the Academy was made by Charles F. Crocker. Upon learning of the generous and unpaid labors of such men as Dr. Kellogg and Messrs. Harford and Gibbs, he gave the sum of twenty thousand dollars to the Academy, of which the interest was to be expended yearly to aid such impecunious workers.

The quarrelsome dispositions of some of the naturalists who founded the Academy, which have already been referred to, were insignificant compared with the rancour which has prevailed between the "ins and outs" since the society became wealthy through the liberal donations of James Lick and Charles F. Crocker. When Dr. Harkness joined the Academy harmony and peace departed, as he conceived the idea that he was the supreme power who should direct its affairs, and all who differed from him he regarded as his personal enemies. This caused widespread animosity and ill-feeling among the members, which inharmonious condition prevailed until the death of Dr. Harkness, fifteen years later.*

Fortunately for the peace and prosperity of the Academy, General Lucius H. Foote was elected secretary of Trustees and Treasurer in 1890; and by his high sense of justice, and, above all, by his courtesy and kindness, has restored harmony and confidence throughout every department of the Academy.

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*The following incident is an example of one of Dr. Harkness' disgraceful exhibitions of temper: One day, while conversing with him in the library of the Academy in the presence of several members, he pointed toward Dr. Behr, who was approaching us, and said: "There is the biggest ingrate on the face of the earth! I got him a place in the Academy, and he is now my enemy." "Yes," Dr. Behr replied, "but your judgment is bad and you can't tell the truth." "Go to h—l!" said Harkness. Behr, bowing low, replied, "After you."

Dr. Albert Kellogg was the shining light of the Academy from its beginning. He was a thorough naturalist in the broadest sense of the word, a devoted and enthusiastic worker, and my earliest and most pleasant recollections are of him. His water-color drawings of flowers were wonderfully true to nature, and it was a marvel how any one without the severe training of an artist could draw so accurately.

In August, 1888, soon after Dr. Kellogg's death, a collection was made of his drawings of the oaks, pines and other trees and plants of the Pacific Coast of the United States, and more particularly those indigenous to California. Professor Edward L. Greene, of the University of California, cheerfully agreed to write a monograph of the oaks of this Coast to be illustrated by Dr. Kellogg's drawings. Captain James M. McDonald cordially undertook to bear the expense of publication, and their reproduction was confided to me. The work was completed in May, 1889, and entitled "Illustrations of West American Oaks from Drawings by the late Albert Kellogg, M. D." Professor Davidson, in his introduction to the monograph of the oaks, paid an eloquent and well-merited tribute to Dr. Kellogg's memory, which I quote in part: "His whole soul was breathed into plants and flowers; he loved them as if they might have consciousness. He saw in them the design and goodness of a Supreme Being who was all loving kindness. To his death-bed he carried the good-will of his large heart toward the just, and hopeful pity toward the unjust. It was the unselfish and successful work of Kellogg and his colleagues through twenty years that educated the first munificent gift of James Lick, and the second still greater one. It was his devotion that subsequently elicited the noble gift of Charles Crocker for the endowment of original research. In fact, the California Academy of Sciences owes its present standing in science and wealth to the labors of Dr. Kellogg and his fellow-workers. He was the embodiment of modesty in manhood. His heart was as gentle, as sweet and as innocent as a woman's. His speech was clean and refined; always for the right, for the needy, for the struggling. He was startled at an attack upon religious purity, and then his words rose swiftly in force and directness. His soul revolted against chicanery, intrigue and the petty meannesses of the trickster, the backbiter and the prevaricator; and his condemnation was unhesitating and piercing. He shrank from the charlatan and the sham; to him they were an unnatural growth in morals and in science. His sense of justice and purity was so inborn that he instinctively knew the presence of the offender. His moral life charmed the young and innocent, and was an example to the best."

No member of the Academy deserves more gratitude as an unselfish worker in the interests of the Academy of Sciences than Professor George Davidson. He was in a position to do more for its future and permanent success than any other member. It was mainly through his personal influence and strong representations on behalf of the Academy that James Lick's princely contribution to the Academy was made. Professor Davidson could refer in eloquent terms to what others did, but never claimed for himself the least notice or preferment.

Charles H. S. Williams, the eminent lawyer, was another man of mark in the early fifties, and subsequently became famous in the important mining litigations at Washoe. He was a man of splendid natural ability, but he was, unfortunately, in the habit of going on periodical debauches, remaining away from his office weeks at a time. After the death of Rufus A. Lockwood, Williams was given most of the legal business of Palmer, Cook & Co.

Captain Jonas W. Bowman was one of Williams' clients, and was also a client of Palmer, Cook & Co. When absent from the State he confided the general management of his business to me. On one occasion he left with me a number of blank deeds with his signature attached, and among these was a blank will which he had accidently signed. Walbridge, one of the clerks in the bank, a brother of General Hiram Walbridge, who had the faculty of meddling with the business of his fellow-clerks, much to their annoyance, was made the victim of a practical joke through the blank will, in this wise:

In the body of the will was carefully described all of the property the Captain then held in San Francisco. We made Walbridge the beneficiary, in consideration of love and affection (while, in fact, Captain Bowman disliked Walbridge, and held him in great contempt). The bogus will was then deposited with General Williams, who cheerfully entered into the joke, and said it was a good thing and would show Bowman the danger of signing any documents in blank. Shortly afterwards Bowman returned to the city. George Read, the cashier of the bank, asked him why he had made Walbridge the heir of his estate. "Why," he said, "do you think I am crazy?" "To be frank with you," Read replied, "I thought you were when General Williams showed me your will devising all of your property to that puppy in consideration of your love and affection for him." "I did no such thing!" exclaimed Bowman.

I suggested to the captain that we should go directly to General Williams' office, where he could see the will. On the way there the captain became very much excited, saying, "The d—d little scoundrel must have forged my name! I never made a will; it is positively ridiculous!" General Williams received us with more gravity than usual, and, at Bowman's request, produced the will with considerable ceremony from his safe, and after a close examination Bowman reluctantly admitted that it looked very much like his signature. He became pale with ill-suppressed anger, swearing that he would punish the fellow who played such a trick if it cost him his life. His anger rose to such a pitch that finally Williams had to inform him that it was all a joke, and suggested that he should make Walbridge the victim of a greater joke. So it was planned to have Walbridge prosecuted for forgery before Alfred A. Rix, a justice of the peace. The judge, upon hearing all the circumstances, entered heartily into the plan. The next day Walbridge was duly summoned by a constable to appear before the mock court and answer to the grave charge of forgery. At first he considered it all a big joke, and laughed at the idea of such an accusation. But we all conspired to view the matter so seriously, and acted our parts so impressively, that very soon poor Walbridge became alarmed. The whole comedy was so well managed that at the appointed time to appear before the court Walbridge was so ill through anxiety and fright that the trial was postponed until the next day; and ostensibly to avoid immediate imprisonment two or three of us went on a bond to secure his liberty. The next day we accompanied the accused man to court in a hack, as he felt too weak to walk there. He refused to employ a lawyer to defend him, and boldly stated that "being innocent of any crime or of intent to commit any," he felt capable of defending himself. We were all in turn duly sworn, and testified to Walbridge's good reputation. But on the cross examination of the witnesses by Captain Bowman, and by the adverse rulings of the judge, the poor fellow almost lost his identity. When the witnesses had all testified and the trial was about ended, Walbridge was so frightened that, notwithstanding the ill-suppressed amusement at the grotesque trial and the mock gravity of the judge, he was apparently blind to every part in the ridiculous proceedings other than the trouble and disgrace anticipated. Judge Rix decided that the accused man was guilty as charged, and ordered him to procure a dinner for the court and all the witnesses in the case on the next day. Walbridge was so dazed that for some time he failed to realize the drift and result of the proceedings. However, the mandate of the court was carried out to the letter, and no dinner ever went off more merrily.

I had now been absent from home three years. During that time I suffered excessively from homesickness, which finally grew intolerable; and in December, 1853, I set out for Canada on the steamer "Winfield Scott," Captain Blunt commanding. There were about three hundred passengers. On board were quite a number of army officers, who had been ordered East from their stations in Oregon and other points in the Northwest. Among them were Captain Sully, Lieutenant Polk, nephew of ex-president Polk, and Captain Taylor, brother of ex-president Taylor. There were also many distinguished veterans of the Mexican War on board, and several of Colonel Fremont's guides and mountaineers who had accompanied him on his last expedition, with most of whom I was acquainted.

We sailed through the Golden Gate in high spirits, but on the evening of the second day out, in the latitude of Point Conception, the weather became cloudy and squally. At about nine o'clock in the evening the first officer of the ship crossed the threshold of the captain's cabin, where a group of army officers were telling war adventures, and diverted the attention of the party, of which I was a member, by very abruptly addressing Captain Blunt with the words: "Captain, the weather is dirty and squally. Shall we keep her out?" The captain answered, "No; let her rip!" None of us paid much attention to the incident, and soon afterwards separated for the night.

At midnight I was suddenly awakened from a sound sleep by a terrible jar and crashing of timbers. Tumbling out of my berth, I was confronted by the horror-stricken visage of my toothless and baldheaded state-room companion, who had no time to secure his wig and false teeth and was groping about to find them. Leaving him paralyzed with fear, I hurried out on deck, where my attention was fixed on a wall of towering cliffs, the tops of which were hidden by the fog and darkness and appeared about to fall and crush us. All around was the loud booming of angry breakers surging about invisible rocks. Our predicament seemed awful in the extreme; some of the passengers appeared to be stunned, others were panic-stricken, while all were overpowered with a sense of utter helplessness. I joined a little group of army officers who stood on the after-deck of the sinking vessel very calmly looking around and contemplating the awful scene. Some of the passengers were running aimlessly to and fro; others were fighting for life-preservers.

As one of the life-boats was being lowered, a mad rush was made to get into it before it was clear of the deck. On this the captain drew his pistol and ordered the crowd, in a determined voice which sounded clear above the noise of the breakers, to clear the boat. His command was instantly heeded. Then he shouted, "Bring the women and children now; this boat is for them." Another rush was made to get into this boat, when the captain threatened to shoot the first man who boarded her. Soon afterwards the boat which left with the women and children returned, and the officer in charge reported that all were landed in a little cove near by. There was no further confusion. Boat-load after boat-load left the side of the ship, until by daybreak all were disembarked without casualty and in the most orderly manner at the only point on the rocky islet of Anacapa where it was possible to gain a foothold.

It was astonishing to see a few brave men reduce to perfect order and submission a crowd of panic-stricken human beings. One of the coolest and most self-possessed of our party was Mr. José Y. Limantour, who was on his way home to the City of Mexico. I had met him often at the bank when he came in to consult members of the firm in relation to his claim of an immense area of land in the heart of San Francisco, to which I will refer later on.

As already intimated, early in the evening a strong wind was blowing and a southwest storm was predicted; but at midnight, when the ship struck the rocks, a dead calm fell over the sea. This, together with the fact that the vessel had lodged on the rocks, accounted for our providential escape. At daylight it was found that although the bow of the vessel was lodged high up on the rocks, the upper deck at her stern was submerged below the water line and washed by the waves. Under her stern soundings were made of twenty-two fathoms, while at the bow were only three and four fathoms, showing that two-thirds of the vessel rested on a shelf of rock and that her stern overhung a precipice. All the passengers being safely landed, immediate steps were taken to get water and provisions ashore, and by night we were as well provided for as could be expected, and duly grateful that our lives had been spared.

Early in the morning after the wreck our attention was attracted by a small sail-boat, which turned out to be that of an old otter hunter named Neideiver. Being among the first to board the little craft, I secured from the old hunter all the lines and fish-hooks he had; and later Captain Blunt readily complied with my request to let me have one of the ship's boats to go fishing off the island. I got three or four to accompany me, and in a very short time we caught a fine mess of fish. After this, relays of crews were engaged fishing from morning till night while we remained on the island.

The day after we landed we discovered on the island overlooking the wreck a considerable cave in the rocks, and in its comfortable shelter a party of congenial companions read, mused, and commented on our lonely condition from day to day, and scanned the horizon to discover a passing vessel. Captain Sully was something of an artist, and made an excellent pencil sketch of the wreck. Observing the interest I took in his drawing, he gave me paper and pencil and insisted that I should also make a sketch of the scene, which I did. This I have preserved among other mementoes of an eventful voyage.

On the morning of the second day a steamer was sighted on the horizon. As she neared the island we signaled to her, and soon ascertained that it was the steamer "California" on her way to San Francisco from Panama. She remained only long enough to communicate with Captain Blunt, and hastened on her way to secure necessary relief. Within seven days she returned to the island, when we embarked on her and continued on our voyage to Panama. Captain Blunt and the crew of the "Winfield Scott" remained at Anacapa for some time to secure all they could from the wreck.*

Seven days after leaving the scene of our shipwreck we arrived at Acapulco. It was a very sudden and strange transition to pass from the restless ocean into the calm basin which forms the harbor of Acapulco, surrounded by granite cliffs frowning over the deep waters of the bay. The town is defended by the old Spanish Fort Diego, on an eminence, looking quaint and grim, like all old fortifications. The town has always been an important place from the earliest date of its settlement by Cortez, being the port from which most of his expeditions of discovery were fitted out. It was likewise the great *entrepôt* of Spain's commerce with Mexico and the Indies. In fact, it is the only safe seaport Mexico possesses on the Pacific

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* Captain Blunt was a young naval lieutenant of unusual promise and ability, having graduated with honors from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1849, and immediately after was engaged on the Government Geodetic Survey of the Coast of Oregon and California. He was exceedingly popular with every one who knew him. Many influential friends did all they possibly could to secure his appointment to the command of another vessel, but the Pacific Mail Steamship Company refused to reinstate him in its service. Being proud and ambitious, this loss and disappointment affected him so deeply that it was currently stated and believed that he died of a broken heart within six months after the loss of his vessel It was the first and the last one that Captain Blunt ever commanded. The "Winfield Scott" had only been a year in service. She was the best appointed ship of the line at that time, and was lost on her first voyage out of San Francisco.

Coast. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has a coal depot and resident agent there, and all the steamers of the line stop on their way to and from San Francisco and Panama.

We remained at Acapulco only a few hours. Our chief amusement was in watching the naked natives dive for coins the passengers threw overboard in the deep, clear waters of the bay, and admiring the picturesque surroundings of the old seaport.

Here we parted with Mr. José Y. Limantour, with whom I had become well acquainted before leaving San Francisco on our ill-fated voyage. He came to California in 1853, and frequently called at the banking house of Palmer, Cook and Co. to confer with Mr. Palmer concerning his great land claims, consisting of about half the present site of the city, besides Fort Point, Alcatraz Island and the Farallones. Finding I was of French descent and could speak to him in his own language, he became very friendly and confidential, and related to me many of his adventures on the Coast in his trading vessels in the "forties."

The attitude of the newspapers in the "fifties" toward land-claimants was not of the friendliest; they were bound to be opposed. As soon as it became known that a claimant for half of the city lived in our midst, all that could be charged against Mr. Limantour and his land claims was given credence, while nothing favorable to him, however plausible, was believed. Limantour found out in a very short time that he had no ordinary conflict on his hands. Appealing to Palmer, Cook & Co. for aid, the matter was referred to their lawyers, who advised them to leave the business alone. On the other hand, Rufus A. Lockwood, one of the most prominent lawyers in California, upon examination pronounced the Limantour claim valid, and just as good and even better than hundreds of others which had been fully endorsed by the United States Land Commission. Limantour's title was derived from Governor Micheltorena, in 1843, when grants of the land in question were made to him in consideration of money advanced to the Mexican Government at that time.

Limantour was a born adventurer, of very striking personal appearance, cool, self possessed, and as brave as a man could be. He had confronted death in almost every form by land and sea, as already related in the account of our shipwreck at Anacapa. No one among the veteran army officers on board the ship appeared to greater advantage in his efforts to control the panic-stricken passengers than Limantour.

Many times he expressed to me, in bitter terms, his indignation at being denounced in the newspapers as a knave and a cheat, and many a slur he cast upon

American justice and the administration of the law in California. Comparing the condition of his affairs here and in Mexico, he fiercely said that we were mere barbarians in comparison with the Mexicans.

"Return with me to Mexico," he said one day, "and see the treatment I receive there. Come with me, and I will secure you a position where your future success will be better assured than in this community, where there is no sense of justice or common decency."

There could be no doubt about Limantour's sincere belief in the justice and genuineness of his claim; and although he had been tardy in asserting his rights, he fully explained why the delay occurred. His business was an extensive one, requiring his constant personal supervision, and he could not absent himself from the City of Mexico a sufficient length of time to accomplish much toward establishing his claims in California at any earlier period.

He did not realize that a contention, however just, which might invalidate thousands of titles and turn thousands of families out of their homes would rouse popular fury to the extent of rendering even the law nugatory. I always believed, and still believe, that justice was sacrificed in his case, as also in the noted case of Santillan, a priest of the Mission Dolores, who claimed another large part of the site of San Francisco. This claim comprised two leagues of land in and about the Mission Dolores, derived from a grant made by Governor Pio Pico in 1846, and was prosecuted by Palmer, Cook & Co. and James R. Bolton, who formed a joint stock company. Most of this stock was sold to a Philadelphia syndicate. The grant was affirmed by the United States Land Commission, but subsequently the Supreme Court—to the great joy of San Francisco, and to the personal enemies of Palmer, Cook & Co. in particular—reversed the judgment of the United States Land Commission and of the District Court, and rejected the grant: a result brought about mainly through the bitter and persistent efforts of Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, who was Attorney-General at that time. It was openly asserted that Black was actuated by personal animosity against the principal owners of the property in Philadelphia.

Later on Limantour was arrested for fraud and forgery in connection with his claims, which was regarded by those who were conversant with all the facts as a persecution. He furnished bonds, was released, and the whole matter was dropped. Soon afterward he returned to the City of Mexico, where he recently died. His sons inherited his vast estates in that city, and one of them, his namesake, is at present Minestro de Haciendo, or Secretary of the Treasury of the Republic of Mexico, and is considered one of the ablest men of his country.

Arriving at Panama without further incident than most pleasant intercourse with the notable characters aboard, we disembarked and were soon surrounded by a crowd of natives, mulattoes and negroes, offering for sale all kinds of tropical fruit. Passing along the walls and fortifications of the ancient city, we were surprised at every turn at the quaint and picturesque scenes. Nothing could exceed the gloomy beauty depicted in the ruins of churches and monastries in and about the city, mantled with luxuriant trailing vines that crept over the broken arches and columns. I have forgotten, in the interval of nearly half a century, the names of places we visited during our sojourn of several days at Panama, but I shall never forget the effect produced on my mind by their incomparable beauty.

We crossed the isthmus on mule-back—as the railroad had only just been commenced—in all likelihood over the same trail traveled by Balboa; by Pizarro and his followers in their expeditions of conquest; and subsequently by the buccaneers, who so often crossed the isthmus in their expeditions of plunder. As we approached the Atlantic side of the isthmus we came to the river Chagres, which we descended in boats in charge of half-naked Indians. I was enchanted by the magnificence of the dense tropical vegetation, and the picturesque huts of the natives and their cultivated patches of banana plants in the openings of the great forest along the banks of the river. All seemed like dreamland to one who for the first time was visiting a country within the tropics.

At Aspinwall (now Colon) we remained over one day and embarked on the steamer "Champion," arriving at New York in a snow-storm. I soon realized that I had contracted the Panama fever, which manifested itself in severe headaches and intermittent fevers. I was really in no condition to travel, yet I kept on my way home, where I arrived in due time. But I felt very ill and was at times too weak to walk, so that my visit was a complete failure, devoid of either pleasure or satisfaction. I saw no charms in a Canadian winter, and the impoverished condition of my old friends made my heart ache. In two weeks my home visit was ended, and I set out on my return to California with my brother Kenneth. We left New York on the steamer "Northern Light," carrying over one thousand passengers. When off Cape Hatteras we encountered a terrific storm. In our overcrowded cabin, where men, women and children were huddled together as closely as a slaver would stow a cargo of negroes, there was great suffering from sea-sickness and alarm, and finally almost a panic as we passed through a hurricane off the Coast of Cuba.

The same ship upon which I. sailed to Havana
M. L. P

The sick and overcrowded passengers were delighted when on the 12th of February, 1854, we came in sight of the island of Jamaica. The same day we entered the harbor of Kingston without the death of a passenger, notwithstanding the exposure and hardship a great portion of them had been subjected to. Indeed, the "Northern Light" had poor accommodation for five hundred passengers, yet there were over one thousand aboard. Over three hundred of these had no place to sleep except on the bare decks.

Kingston, like all towns in the tropics, was at that time a sleepy-looking place. The natives whom we met on the streets, mostly mulattoes and negroes, appeared listless and degraded.

We rode beyond the outskirts of the town into the country, and passed by many splendid but ruinous mansions. They were approached by beautiful gate entrances, flanked by stately avenues of great trees leading to residences long since abandoned by their former owners, who had evidently lived in princely style. On our return we were surprised to see a great number of negro women engaged in coaling the ship. Each woman had a tub which was filled with about a hundred weight of coal. This they carried in single file, with measured step, keeping time to the tune of a drawling song, from the coal heaps up the gangplank of the ship, where their burdens were tumbled

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into the coal bunkers. All this hard labor was performed by the women in the presence of crowds of native men, their lords, as degraded and lazy looking rascals as exist under the sun. The result of the emancipation, in 1832, of all the slaves in the British colonies seemed to have been disastrous alike to the poor negro and to his master.

Jamaica, for a century previous to the emancipation of slaves, was celebrated for her commerce, and unsurpassed in fertility and productiveness; but at the time of our visit most of her rich plantations were overgrown with rank tropical vegetation, and her lordly residences ruinous and abandoned.

After some delay we proceeded on our voyage from Kingston to Aspinwall, which we approached early in the morning. The lofty chain of mountains back of Carthegena, or Puerto Bello, appeared partly enveloped in grand cloud formations, which attracted the attention of every one who was so fortunate as to be on deck.

We found on our arrival at Aspinwall that the town was filled with the sick and dying laborers who had been stricken with the deadly fever contracted while engaged in building the railroad across the isthmus. But we soon forgot these depressing scenes when we commenced our journey across the isthmus to Panama, and again were surrounded by the wild luxuriance and gorgeous beauty of the tropical vegetation.

The steamer at Panama was also overcrowded with passengers. Notwithstanding this we had a pleasant voyage to San Francisco, without any event worth noting, and on the day of my arrival I resumed my regular duties as if I had been absent only a day.

The individual members of the firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., who played so important a part in the early history of San Francisco, were now the prominent financiers of the city, if not of the State, occupying in finance the position which William C. Ralston subsequently filled. These men, in their business methods, may not always have been guided by the highest standards of justice and propriety, but they were much more honest and just than the majority of those who adversely criticised them. They were at least liberal and enterprising, and foremost in promoting the welfare of the community.

Joseph C. Palmer and Charles W. Cook, the leading members of the firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., were natives of Nantucket, Massachusetts. They were representative men of their class. Their ancestors were all identified with the whaling industry, which was the paramount interest of Nantucket and New Bedford. They were bold and enterprising men; and when the discovery of gold in California was announced to the world, Nantucket and New Bedford furnished a large contingent of emigrants to the El Dorado of the Pacific Coast. They knew more about the Pacific Coast and its resources than any other class of the early pioneers; they were among the first to reach the gold fields, and they were preeminently qualified to take advantage of the opportunities offered.

Messrs. Palmer and Cook's first adventure was the purchase of a schooner laden with lumber, which they sold at a fabulous profit; and their next was the purchase of the banking business and the real estate of Thompson & Company. This last transaction, and Mr. Palmer's foresight and indomitable energy, secured the firm a dominant position soon after its establishment in San Francisco.

In July, 1850, when I arrived in California, Mr. Palmer was recognized by those who knew him as one of the leading men of the city. He clearly foresaw that San Francisco would become an important place, and his chief aim was to secure as much real estate as possible—an achievement to which he devoted all his energies. In 1853 the rent-roll of the firm produced a monthly income of nearly forty thousand dollars. Their policy was to lease the ground and require the lessee to make his own improvements. As time passed and business became less lucrative, most of those improvements were allowed to revert to the lessor. Nevertheless, a liberal policy was pursued by reducing the ground rent from time to time, as required, to a reasonable sum, in order to avoid the forfeiture of the improvements. Most of the responsibility of this department was entrusted to me, and whatever decisions I arrived at were always endorsed. So it was with all street improvements, involving an expenditure of thousands of dollars a month. The confidence thus reposed in me was a source of constant anxiety to me. It involved me early and late in the most arduous and responsible work, oftentimes requiring my attention far into the night. But I was amply rewarded by many tokens of appreciation from my generous employers, whose kindness, I sometimes felt, exceeded my deserts.

Mr. Charles W. Cook in character and disposition was the very antithesis of his partner. He was passive and serene, while Mr. Palmer was ever active and on the alert, superintending the conduct of affairs early and late. But Mr. Cook, while lacking in some of the hardier essentials of a pioneer man of business, was a man of magnetic and loveable personality. He had hosts of friends, and won from all who knew him the most constant and affectionate regard.

Mr. Edward Jones, the junior member of the firm, was a clerk of Thompson & Co. When that firm sold out to Palmer, Cook & Co. in 1849 they made it one of the conditions that Jones, who had been their clerk, should be retained as a partner of the new firm. From that time/ Jones fancied he was the leading light of the concern, an opinion which was shared by no one else./ I had been employed scarcely a month before he made me the victim of his petty persecutions; and on my return from Mariposa, in June, 1851, he became so tyrannical and offensive that I determined to resign my position. When Mr. Palmer heard of this decision he sent for me and insisted that I should remain. He engaged that Jones would offend no more, and as a further inducement, offered me a considerable advance in my salary. I agreed to remain. All went on tolerably well until about the end of 1853, when Jones again became unbearable, and I notified Mr. Cook of my intended resignation. Two days later Mr. Palmer again sent for me, and said: "Jones will never again give you cause for complaint; and if you will stay with us you shall receive five hundred dollars a month, and become a member of our household." This was of more importance to me, and far more complimentary, than the mere increase of my salary, as it placed me in intimate relationship with the members of my employer's family. The Palmers were noted for

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their lavish hospitality, and I met at their table the most noted of the early Californians. I was so utterly surprised at the kindness expressed and the manner in which the proposition was made that it was some time before I could fully realize my good fortune. I need hardly add that the proposition was accepted. The pestiferous partner never in any way interfered with me thereafter. Jones was well qualified for the subordinate position of a petty clerk, but had no capacity nor fitness for the important office he occupied. But I really have no right now to complain of his petty persecutions, for he was the innocent cause of my rapid promotion by his partners, and indirectly responsible for my lasting friendship with those noble women, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Cook, whose beneficent and refining influence was not lost upon the heart of a sensitive and somewhat lonely youth. Indeed, I can never adequately express my gratitude for all their motherly kindness and good-will.

In February, 1853, Mr. Palmer went to Washington. During his absence nothing of importance occurred; but on his return to California a marked change was apparent on every hand. All day long people of note passed in and out of the bank, and the entry to the private office was frequently crowded with financiers, adventurers, politicians, judges, eminent lawyers, and army and navy officers.

During 1853, 1854 and 1855 occurred the apotheosis of the firm of Palmer, Cook & Co., and of Mr. Palmer in particular, who was the head and front of the establishment. Fremont, the hero and conqueror of California, was one of Mr. Palmer's most constant companions. When in San Francisco he made the latter's house his home, and his office his headquarters; in fact, since early in 1850 Palmer was Fremont's most intimate friend and business agent. This may have had its effect in securing to Palmer, through letters of introduction from Fremont to Senator Benton and others, the extraordinary consideration he obtained on his visit to Washington, where he was received by the President and most of the members of his cabinet. He was recognized as one of the representative men and leading financiers of California. He was féted and flattered in every conceiveable way; and, in consequence, when he returned to California he was no longer a conservative, prudent man. His first notable mistake was his rupture with Senator Gwin; and greatest of all, his meddling in politics by espousing the cause of David C. Broderick, who, although a man of great natural ability and solid worth, had for his associates a reckless, desperate crew of political adventurers. From the standpoint of sentiment Mr. Palmer was perhaps justified in all he did, considering his temptations and surroundings; but in a material sense it was all a blunder, and ultimately brought ruin upon himself and his partners. The prestige of the firm was irretrievably lost from the time that it became known that the banking house of Palmer, Cook & Co. had become a factor in politics.

The first public setback of the firm was caused by a foolish quarrel between Edward Jones, junior partner of the firm, and James King of William, who at the time had just commenced the publication of the *Bulletin*. King applied to Jones for a loan of a considerable sum of money, and Jones, in a very insolent, autocratic manner, declined to accommodate him. King then threatened Jones that he would live to regret his action, and a bitter enmity ensued.

A few days after this event the *Bulletin* published a violent attack on Palmer, Cook & Co., containing a sensational account of a suit just commenced in the Superior Court, Judge Satterlee presiding, by one Salmon—a drunken, irresponsible fellow—against the bank for restitution of a lot of land on Pacific street, on which was founded a claim for damages to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Editorial comments were made on the impending insolvency and utter unreliability of the bank. It was alleged that it furnished the funds for Broderick to make his successful fight against Gwin, compelling Gwin to confess that the firm kept him out of the Senate; that they were kings of the lobby, and so forth. This was followed up day by day with similar charges, which, however untrue and malicious, were well calculated to destroy the credit of Palmer, Cook & Co.

At first people made light of these attacks, and the members of the firm seemed undisturbed; but the inevitable effect of this persecution was a quiet but steady withdrawal of deposits from the bank and a very apparent loss of confidence. What tended to heighten the embarrassment was the circumstance that Palmer, on his return from Washington, had heavily invested in large blocks of real estate on credit. In the meantime, prices, instead of advancing, receded, and this of course added to the other serious complications of the firm.

Mr. Palmer's political affiliations added very much to his financial difficulties, as there was a constant and pressing demand for money from the politicians. Their association with him was a fresh source of trouble, which gave the *Bulletin* a pretext for annoying and vilifying every one in any way connected with the bank.

In evidence of the baseless charges made, and of the unscrupulous character of those who made them, may be cited the case of Salmon, already referred to. This case was brought to trial in the district court. After three days' hearing of the complaint, and apparently proving its merits, Rufus A. Lockwood, who represented the defense, very deliberately rose and asked the court if the complainant had concluded his case. Being answered in the affirmative, Lockwood submitted to the court a deed from Salmon of the premises in dispute to Palmer, Cook & Co., together with other documents, proving conclusively that Salmon had conveyed, for a valuable consideration, all his original title in the property in question to the defendant. This evidence virtually ended the great suit over which the *Bulletin* had made so much ado.

Every one in court was, of course, greatly astonished. I shall never forget Judge Satterlee's expression of wrath and indignation on this occasion. First he turned very pale, then very scarlet; and, with flashing eyes, asked Lockwood why he had permitted the court to be trifled with for three long, tedious days, listening to evidence in support of a false claim, when he could at any time have stopped the proceedings. Lockwood replied with great deliberation and dignity: "Please the court, how was I to know how much more perjury and infamy might be brought into this case, particularly when this community has been and is being daily embittered against a prominent firm of this city by a malignant newspaper? This case has been made the basis of a series of the most violent attacks against their commercial standing and integrity. These unwarranted attacks can only be characterized as infamous, and should be denounced by every one who has the least respect for decency and manhood." These were his words as nearly as I can recollect.

Rufus A. Lockwood, the attorney referred to, Senator McDougall and Hall McAllister were retained by the firm of Palmer, Cook & Co. to attend to its legal business, receiving thousands of dollars a month for their services. They were considered the most eminent lawyers of California. Lockwood was a learned man, an excellent classical scholar, and understood French, Spanish and German. He was a thorough and profound student, and, like Hall McAllister, had been known to work on cases for days and nights continuously. Being a giant in physical strength, he could do things mentally and physically with impunity which would have exhausted a man of ordinary strength. His head and features had that rugged, massive expression typical of the sculptured heads of the Roman emperors. But, like most men of genius, he was weak in many things, and had some of the characteristics of a spoiled child.

He was, besides, so very eccentric that his mind often seemed unbalanced. In 1851, after a miserable debauch, he shipped before the mast on a vessel bound for Australia, and was not heard from for several years. Finally Mr. Palmer was informed where he was, and sent for him. He had been engaged as a shepherd on an extensive sheep-run, receiving twenty dollars a month for his services. On his return to San Francisco Mr. Palmer confided to him most of his legal business. I was brought in daily contact with Lockwood, and we became very good friends; and for some time we jointly occupied the same room and office over the bank offices.

In 1856, soon after the domination of the Vigilance Committee, to which he was most bitterly opposed, Lockwood went East, and on his way was lost on the "Central America." When last seen he was calmly smoking a cigar on the bowsprit of the steamer a few moments before she sank, when he and nearly all the six hundred passengers on board were drowned.

Serious troubles with the banks began early in 1855, when the news came that some acceptances of Page, Bacon & Co., of St. Louis, in the hands of Duncan, Sherman & Co. in New York, had been protested. All who had certificates of deposit or accounts with Page, Bacon & Co., then one of the most prominent banks of California, were alarmed, and endeavored to secure their money, causing general excitement and a steady run on the bank. Although Palmer, Cook & Co. and other banks furnished them material aid and did all they could to allay the excitement, the firm, after a three days' run, on the morning of February 22d, closed its doors. The next morning the depositors read on the door of the bank, "For lack of coin, Page, Bacon & Co. find it necessary to close their bank for a short time." This, of course, increased the excitement. On Montgomery street, as the other banks opened, crowds rushed in to get their money. Rumors spread like wildfire that Wells, Fargo & Co. had failed, then Palmer, Cook & Co., and in fact all the banks in the city. While the excitement was at its height a notable incident occurred at Wright's Bank, then one of the finest buildings in the city, situated on the northwest corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets. A great crowd of depositors had been patiently waiting long before daylight, and at nine o'clock they were ready to rush into the bank for their money, when Wright appeared on the front steps of the building. Addressing the crowd, he said that they should not feel at all alarmed, as not a dollar of their money had been misappropriated; that every cent of it was in the bank building, and there it would remain in perfect security.* At the end of his speech the crowd quietly dispersed, and the bank never paid a dollar to its depositors.

This was not the end of the financial disturbance. The product of the gold placers was much reduced, and the values of real estate had diminished to such a degree that it was impossible to sell at one-half the former rates. Palmer, Cook & Co., and others, who had gone in debt to purchase heavily during the flush times, were now in great distress. The rates of interest were from two to three per cent. a month; and the consequence was that many who foresaw that there could be no immediate change for the better went out of business.

In 1856 the excitement of the public mind over the frauds claimed to have been perpetrated at the municipal elections, which for three years had been controlled by "the boys," culminated in the shooting of James King of William by one James Casey, on the 14th of May.

In 1853 King was a banker on his own account; but in 1854 he closed out his business, and was engaged as cashier with Adams & Co.'s Express. When they failed, being thrown out of employment he commenced the publication of the *Evening Bulle-*

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*It remains there to this day, for the bank was built with the depositors' funds.

tin. He boldly assumed to be the infallible critic and champion of morality, attacking the private character of any one he thought culpable or vulnerable, as in the case of Palmer, Cook & Co., before cited. The *Bulletin's* favorite theme was charges of all sorts of dishonesty, especially of "ballot box stuffing." Nothing was said, however, against the Front-street merchants and better classes who avoided the elections and dodged jury duty. This, which was the primary cause of all the trouble, resulted in the affairs of the city government being turned over to the manipulation and management of a low set of politicians, of which James Casey was a fair representative.

Casey also published a newspaper, which was considered a blackmail sheet. The feud began by King's publishing in the *Bulletin* copies of papers procured from New York showing that Casey had once been sentenced to the penitentiary at Sing Sing. Naturally enough, Casey took mortal offence at this, and called at the *Bulletin* office, on the corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, where he confronted King. He notified King that he would shoot him on sight if he did not apologize. This the latter declined to do. A short time after this scene King started to go to his home on Stockton street, when he was intercepted by Casey on Washington street near

Montgomery. As the latter approached he called to King, at the same time firing several times. One of the balls struck King in the breast. He fell to the ground without firing a shot in return, although he carried a pistol and had boasted that he knew how to use it when the occasion required. He was immediately carried into the express office on the corner, and a surgeon was sent for. Casey went directly to the City Hall and delivered himself up to the sheriff, David Scannel, who placed him in the city prison on Broadway.

This first act in the drama was enacted on the evening of May 14, 1856. The second act was the organization of the Vigilance Committee. Its principal members were the Front-street merchants, and among its leaders were William T. Coleman and Thomas J. Smiley, both men of great shrewdness and courage. Coleman was noted as one of the boldest and most aggressive of all men in the community, and never avoided the responsibility of any act. To him was accorded the leadership and organization of the committee. Being intrepid and untiring, only a few days passed before he had marshaled together several thousand men, tolerably well armed, and officered by experienced soldiers, many of whom were veterans of the Mexican War. Some of the recruits to the Vigilance Committee were aliens from Australia, some were bad characters, even worse than those they were opposed to. But the committee was not particular—all were welcome to join its ranks—and soon the community had in its midst a powerful organization of armed men in open rebellion against the law. All the newspapers favored the Vigilance Committee with the exception of the *Herald*, John Nugent editor, and the *World*, edited by Frank Soule, who were loud and determined in their opposition to mob law, and denounced all those who participated in the organization of the Vigilance Committee as the enemies of civilization and the best interests of the State. They claimed that the time had passed when a resort to lynch law was necessary. Governor Johnson, Chief Justice Terry and some of the most prominent men in the State did all they could to stop their proceedings. The Governor went so far as to offer to become responsible to the committee for Casey's safe-keeping, and guaranteed that the criminal should be produced for trial and execution at the proper time. This was one of the plans of saving the city and State from disgrace in the eyes of the world. But the committee was obdurate.

King died May 20th, and his funeral took place on Sunday the 22d. Early on that day crowds of people gathered ominously about the jail on Broadway; and as I looked down the hill from Powell and Stockton streets, I could see parties of armed men marching by platoons, in military order, towards the jail. Soon a party of men ascended the steps to the jail door, and after a short parley Casey was led out. Soon afterwards Cora, who had been tried for killing the United States Marshal, the jury disagreeing, and who was waiting a new trial, was also led out of the jail. The prisoners were placed in carriages and escorted by an armed force to the rooms of the committee on Sacramento street.

The funeral of King took place in the afternoon of the same day. It was a very melancholy and impressive ceremony; and although in the midst of a crowd of "law and order" men, a feeling of regret and deep condolence was expressed on every side as members of the family and the chief mourners passed by. I regretted it the more because I was personally acquainted with Mr. King, and liked him for his fearlessness and sincerity. Both friend and foe admired these traits in him, although he was in many cases blinded by his intense feeling of hatred and aggressiveness, which finally cost him his life.

During the time of King's funeral Casey and Cora were hanged, without any public trial, from beams projecting from the windows of the committee rooms. The building the committee occupied, on Sacramento street near Front, was fortified; and armed sentinels were kept on guard while its members sat in midnight council, issued warrants of arrest and banishment, and ignored all law and authority except their own. They were a standing menace to good men and bad men. Yankee Sullivan, a noted pugilist and prisoner in their custody, committed suicide through fright. Business was deranged, and the *Bulletin*, under the management of a brother of King, continued its abuse of some of the best as well as some of the worst men in the city.

As soon as the hanging was over it was thought that the Vigilance Committee had accomplished its one purpose of intimidation of wrong-doers; but quite to the contrary, they had no intention of surrendering their power or disbanding.

About the first of June, General Wool, who commanded the federal forces on the Pacific Coast stationed at Benicia, was applied to for arms and ammunition from the United States arsenal; and Commodore Farragut, commanding the Navy Yard on Mare Island, was asked for a ship. Captain Sherman (afterwards General Sherman) was commissioned by the Governor to ball out volunteers, and when a sufficient number had responded, to demand a dispersion of the unlawfully armed force of the Vigilance Committee, and arrest some of the leaders. General Wool promised the Governor and Secretary of State to furnish arms and ammunition, providing the Governor would issue a proclamation for the committee to disperse, and that he would afterwards call out the militia.

On Captain Sherman's applying to Commodore Farragut, the latter stated that he had no authority, and that without orders from the navy department he could take no part in the civil troubles; and furthermore, that he had no ship except the "John Adams." He at last agreed, however, to have the "John Adams" drop down abreast of the city near what was then termed "Fort Gunnybags," for the purpose of mere intimidation.

On the 4th of June Chief Justice Terry issued a writ of *habeas corpus* for the body of one Maloney. The writ was resisted, as was expected. The Governor then issued a proclamation, and Captain Sherman issued his orders to the militia. The Quartermaster-General of the State, General Kibbe, opened an office in the City Hall and engaged rooms for armories, and men began to enroll into companies. Being well acquainted with most of the officials, and having free access to their offices and armories, I had an opportunity of observing how quietly and earnestly Captain Sherman, Captain Stone and Lieutenant Purdy carried on their important work of preparing for armed resistance. Some of the leaders of the committee called a day or two after Captain Sherman began the enrollment of the men, pointing out that a collision would surely result in bloodshed. In reply the Captain said: "Remove your fort; cease your midnight councils, and prevent your armed bodies from patrolling the streets."

Captain Sherman now made a formal requisition for arms and ammunition, which, to the utter astonishment of all, was ignored by General Wool, notwithstanding his repeated promise to furnish the same.

Captain Sherman was very indignant. A meeting was held in the private office of Palmer, Cook & Co., where General Wool was severely criticised. There were present, as nearly as I can remember, Colonel E. D. Baker, General Volney E. Howard, Judge Crockett, Bailey Peyton, J. Donohoe, Judge Thornton, Chief Justice Terry, and Dr. Ashe. All talked furiously against Wool; he was even denounced as a liar. The Governor was so offended that he declared he would never again recognize him either as an officer or a gentleman. The members of the Vigilance Committee were also denounced as a set of "d—d pork merchants." They were charged with cowardice; and General Wool was accused of being in collusion with them, and bringing the State into contempt. Captain Sherman advised that, as there were no arms in the State except what General Wool had or what were in the hands of the Vigilance Committee, the best thing to do was to be patient and cautious. Terry denounced all those who advised patience or caution as no better than the "Vigilants" themselves. Captain Sherman, seeing that his men had neither arms nor ammunition, and were not likely to obtain any, threw up his commission and refused to have anything more to do with the militia.*

Major-General Volney E. Howard came to San Francisco after Sherman's resignation, and, continuing the organization of militia, succeeded in getting some arms from the country.

About this time, when the excitement was at its height, I joined a cavalry company, and was regularly enrolled as a member of the State militia. Our armory was at Nightingale's, at the Mission Dolores, near the race-course, where we met three times a week to drill. Captain Thomas Hayes, of Hayes Valley, was our captain, and his brother Michael, our lieutenant. The captain was an accomplished and popular man, and a veteran of the Mexican War.

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*General Sherman states in his *Memoirs:* "There is not a shadow of doubt that General Wool did deliberately deceive us; that he had authority to issue arms; and that had he adhered to his promise, we could have checked the committee before it became a fixed institution and a part of the common law of California."

His brother was a reckless fellow, but a severe and efficient drill-master.

After several weeks of drilling on foot and on horseback, and instruction in sword exercise by Corporal Peterson, Lieutenant Hayes felt so proud of our efficiency and appearance that it was proposed that the company should ride through the city and defiantly pass in review before "Fort Gunnybags." This proposition was received with enthusiasm. All were delighted at the opportunity of showing their loyalty and horsemanship. Being ordered to form by platoons, forty members of the company started out in gallant style. Most of us were mounted on fine horses, and with our long cavalry swords clanking by our sides, and others with pistols in their holsters, we thought we made an imposing display, and imagined how surprised the "Vigilants" would be to see us. At the Mission bridge, half way into the city, a sudden cry of "Halt!" brought us up standing. It was the command of our captain, who, returning from the city, was surprised and indignant that his brother, the lieutenant, had led us out on such an expedition without his knowledge, and ordered us back to our armory. Our purpose had leaked out, and the captain had just been informed that the Vigilance Committee had determined to put an end to our drilling and to capture us all within a day or two. Had not

Captain Hayes fortunately intercepted us and prevented our appearance before the committee headquarters, we probably would have been taken then and there. The only arms we had were swords, and only five men of the forty knew how to use them. Anticipating our capture and imprisonment by the committee, we disbanded for the time being; and it was deemed wise and prudent, if not warlike and brave, to hide our swords to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. This was the beginning and the end of my military experience.

As I rode into the city my attention was attracted by an excited crowd on Montgomery street, and in its midst I recognized Hamilton Bowie, a brother of Dr. A. J. Bowie, who had been arrested and was being led to the rooms of the Vigilance Committee. Great indignation was expressed, and there was much loud talking on the streets; but there was no power to oppose the committee or prevent them from doing just as they pleased. The following month they captured most of the arms of the "Law and Order Party," and put some of their men into prison. General Howard, with others, escaped to the country.

After this the Vigilance Committee had it all their own way. In July, 1856, they arrested Judge Terry, and tried him for stabbing one of their constables (Hopkins); but Terry managed to escape in disguise at night, and took refuge on the "John Adams." This was a great relief to Coleman and Smiley and the more prudent members of the committee, for they did not know what to do with him, being a man of much more consequence than either Casey or Cora.

In August, 1856, they hanged Hethrington and Brace in broad daylight, without any jury trial; and soon afterward they quietly disbanded.

Subsequently, Miles D. Truett went on business to New York, and while there was assaulted by "Charley" Duane and badly beaten. Truett was also arrested while in New York, and placed under heavy bonds in a suit of damages brought by Duane for his banishment from San Francisco. Other members of the committee were subjected to serious annoyances. Several were assaulted in the streets of New York by friends of the banished. Maloney, Duane and Mulligan brought suits for damages against William T. Coleman and others of the committee whom they found in New York; but the courts pronounced the cases outside of their jurisdiction, and the plaintiffs received no other satisfaction than the loss suffered by the defense, which cost, as I was informed by one of their executive committee, over one hundred thousand dollars. The bulk of this large sum was paid out of the pockets of Coleman and Smiley.

To Smiley's prudence and conservatism the committee was much indebted, as he invariably opposed the violent measures—such as the contemplated hanging of Terry and others, which undoubtedly would have been carried out but for his determined opposition—and thus saved the city and State from anarchy and infinite disaster.

It is only fair to state, however, that there was good ground for such an organization as the Vigilance Committee. It is now generally conceded that its abuse of usurped power was a small matter when compared with its effectiveness as a menace to the gang of unprincipled, reckless politicians who controlled affairs at the time, and who were forced into subjection by a better element of the community. General Sherman states in his *Memoirs* that "they controlled the press and wrote their own history, and the world generally gives them the credit of having purged San Francisco of rowdies and bad characters; nevertheless, their success might have given great stimulus to a very dangerous principle that would at any time justify a mob in usurping all the power of the government."

Fortunately, the Civil War, which followed soon afterwards, did much towards diverting the bitter feeling engendered; and no longer was a "Vigilant" taxed with being "a strangler"; and no more was the retort heard, "you belonged to the 'law and murder party.'"

In 1856 and 1857 I made several trips to Stockton to look after the interests of Colonel Fremont and Mr. Palmer in the Pescadero grant on the San Joaquin river. It comprised eleven leagues square of land, and had never yielded a cent of revenue. I soon ascertained that a Major Bradley and others had possession of the property as squatters, and for years past had thousands of cattle ranging over the land. I made a report upon the condition of affairs, and recommended the appointment of Dr. Happersett, at Stockton, as local agent of the property. The doctor was appointed accordingly; and although he made a very determined effort to collect rents from the occupants, he failed to obtain enough money to pay even the current State and county taxes on the land. Colonel Fremont, although owner of Las Mariposas grant and El Pescadero, each of eleven leagues, and each a principality in itself, was in the same predicament as almost all owners of vast tracts of land in those days: they derived no income from their estates, and their ownership was in most instances a source of trouble and expense through their constant contention with squatters. The latter, occupying the land and deriving a direct income from it, could better invoke the "law's delay" than the unfortunate owners, who were in reality out of possession of their property.

At at early date I was a disgusted witness of legalized outrages practiced on the hospitable, good-natured native Californians, which gave the squatters and their lawyers the opportunity of virtually confiscating their property. Consequently, whenever the occasion offered, I adopted a very different course in my dealings with squatters than was in accord with the strict interpretation of the law. In fact, I frequently took matters into my own hands, constituting myself both judge and jury—a proceeding to which the squatters naturally enough objected. When, without process of law, I forcibly evicted them, I advised them to appeal to the courts for redress. We were never prosecuted, for in every instance care was taken that equity and justice were on our side.

I will cite only one of many serious, and yet amusing, cases which occurred about this time (from 1852 to 1856). James Thompson, one of General Walker's filibusters, who had just returned to California from one of their raids and was in desperate straits, concluded that he would follow the example of others in taking possession of vacant property. At that time eight or ten 100-vara lots in the vicinity of First and Folsom streets had been squatted on. These lots were lawfully claimed by Captain Folsom, U. S. A., who, in attempting to maintain his rights, caused a riot, in which two men were killed and several wounded. Not deterred by this example, Thompson squatted on a 100-vara lot on Mission street, near Second, belonging to Colonel Fremont. Early one morning I appeared on the lot with five men, destroyed the fence, demolished Thompson's cabin and removed its contents into the street. Just as we had completed the task, Thompson arrived on the scene and wanted to know the man who was "boss of the job." He was a man of formidable height and bulk; and when I was pointed out to him he approached me rapidly with long strides, has face aflame with wrath. "Is this your property?" he shouted. "No," said I, "but there's the owner," indicating Colonel Fremont, who just then appeared on the scene with Mr. Palmer. Turning from me with an air of contempt, he walked rapidly and in a menacing manner towards Fremont, who stood unmoved with his right hand in his breast pocket, presumably on the pistol he intended to use in an emergency. The Colonel coolly confronted Thompson, who, after a short interview, tamely walked away, leaving us in peaceful possession of the property. The next [illegible] Thompson brought suit in the justice's court, accusing me of appropriating his false teeth, which he claimed were in the house that we demolished. The charge caused much amusement in court, and as there was no evidence to support it, the case was dismissed.

In June, 1857, I was engaged to take charge of the Mariposa grant, which, like the Pescadero grant, had been neglected through lack of sufficient capital to develop its resources. An English company had, in 1851, purchased from Colonel Fremont a group of mines on the estate, and after expending over two million dollars in running extensive tunnels and constructing costly buildings and mills, had failed in 1854; and ever since that time these mines had been abandoned.

The Josephine Mine, already referred to, which had promised so much and in the end produced so little, was still being worked, but at no profit. The few tenants on the estate were impoverished, and could not pay their rents; and even the claims which had been considered secure could not be collected. The Count de Blandville owed a large sum for wood, and he acted the part of anything but a nobleman in the matter. In fact, notwithstanding my earnest efforts, I failed to accomplish much, owing mainly to the impoverished and worked-out placers and abandoned condition of the mines. Everywhere could be seen evidences of poverty and ruin, in striking contrast to the flourishing, busy mining camps I found in Mariposa in 1851.

Major Adelberg, a Hungarian, a warm friend and old army associate of Count Wass and Kossuth, who professed much more than he knew about mining, had charge of a ten-stamp quartz mill in Bear Valley, which was kept going at intervals on picked ore from the Josephine Mine. This mine produced just enough gold to tempt Colonel Fremont to keep it going; but we soon ascertained that although the ore yielded an average of thirty dollars to the ton, it cost over thirty dollars to work it. Thus it was a constant source of disappointment. Notwithstanding this, the Major kept on deceiving himself and the Colonel with the idea that he would overcome all the obstacles in his way and ultimately make the mine pay big dividends.

Colonel James' special business at Mariposa was to consult with me, as a lawyer, in the administration of affairs, and more particularly to hasten the service of a writ in Sheriff Crippin's hands to put us in possession of mines held by adverse claimants. The Colonel was a remarkably witty man and somewhat of a poet. We used to take long walks and horseback rides together. Besides his wonderful conversational powers and other accomplishments, he possessed a most retentive memory, and could recite with ease many of the longer poems of Scott, Byron, Moore and Burns, without the slightest hesitation or apparent effort, and with glowing effect. One of our memorable rides was over the north ridge of mountains overlooking Bear Valley. One summer afternoon we ascended the ridge, and on its summit we rode for miles over its open undulations, passing through great groves of live-oak and pine timber, the haunt of multitudes of deer and quail. The ridge overlooked the Merced river, which, like a ribbon of silver, flowed placidly through the gorge over two thousand feet beneath us, and to the east we could plainly see the lofty peaks which encompass the Yosemite Valley, thirty miles distant.

On our way home, towards evening, Colonel James recited in his musical and sympathetic voice passages from Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Our environment was the inspiration of my poetic companion. The sun was setting over the valley of the San Joaquin, which stretched out before us in a glorious succession of distances; the mountains were steeped in the roseate hues of evening; and altogether, the occasion was an impressive and memorable one.

While we were endeavoring to accomplish something at Mariposa, Colonel Fremont and his associates, Palmer, Cook & Co., succeeded in making a contract in San Francisco with a company to work the Josephine group of mines. Soon a corps of mining experts became interested and enthusiastic in anticipation of the successful operation of the mines. The

Colonel obtained loans of large sums of money, and contrived to gather about him a considerable number of followers, who, like himself, looked forward to an era of success. While these preparations were going on, Mr. Palmer sent for me to return to San Francisco, where I remained only a few days, to give testimony in a lawsuit then pending. In the meantime, information was received that the Merced Mining Company had taken forcible possession of the same mines which the new company had contracted to operate; so that after the good prospects of the week before, all business was now brought to a halt. I was ordered back to Mariposa, where I arrived July 8, 1858.

The first news I heard on my arrival was warlike in the extreme. Bloodshed seemed imminent. On going to the Colonel's house in Bear Valley, which stood about a mile from the hotel in a beautiful grove of pine trees, I was met by Mrs. Fremont, who greeted me saying: "Oh, Mr. Bosqui; you arrive at the end of the feast and the beginning of the fray!" at the same time pointing to the breakfast table just abandoned. The Merced Mining Company, organized by Smyth Clark and about fifty other men, had taken possession of the mines, as already stated, and were holding them by force of arms. When I went to the Josephine mines I found over one hundred men, armed with rifles, shotguns and pistols, in occupation of the mouths of the different tunnels and shafts on the steep mountain side overlooking the Merced river; opposed to them were Fremont's men, ranged on one side of the main tunnel, not ten yards from their opponents. The weather was intensely hot, and so were the defiant men who confronted one another. In a day or two I became thoroughly identified with the situation, and rather enjoyed the excitement. The man in charge of Fremont's camp was a handsome young Irishman named Sullivan, who had been an underground foreman and miner. Sullivan confided to me the true history of the trouble. On the second night after my arrival in the camp, we decided that the best way to worry and tire out our enemy was to assume the aggressive, without going so far as to bring on a fight. This was no easy matter, as on both sides were some of the most desperate men to be found in the State. As an evidence of this, no Sunday passed that some of the men, while visiting the town, were not maimed or killed outright in drunken brawls over the gambling tables.

We contrived to keep the enemy in constant alarm by stationing some of our men above the tunnels, and at intervals during the night detaching boulders and sending them crashing down the mountain side near the tunnel. This plan worked well, and we kept it up for several nights.

On the third day after joining the defenders of the Josephine mines, McPherson, one of the representatives of the Merced Mining Company, a very tall, fine-looking Scotchman, rode up at full gallop to the mouth of the main shaft, where most of the men on both sides were congregated, and checking his horse suddenly, brought him to his haunches in a cloud of dust. The excitement and surprise at the advent of such a warlike personage, with his menacing display of firearms, excited the wrath of our party, and with scarcely a thought of the consequences, I called out: "What do you want here?" He made no reply. Then I taunted him with being a coward, and told him that whenever a fight occurred he was just the sort of fellow who would stay away. There was an ominous click of cocking guns and pistols; but in a few minutes McPherson rode away on his fine horse, followed by the jeers and hisses of our men. We all felt that a crisis had passed, and that we were from that moment masters of the situation. McPherson never rode to the mine again; but we were informed that he came several times at night on foot "to avoid raising a dust."

The morning after the event just related I was summoned to appear at the Colonel's house at Bear

Valley. Upon arriving there I was invited into the drawing-room, where the Colonel (who had just arrived from San Francisco) and Mrs. Fremont received me very cordially. The Colonel, after making some inquiries about affairs at the camp, expressed his regrets that I should be confronted by men in arms, instead of friends, at the beginning of my agency. Then he handed me a note to read. It was addressed to Mrs. Fremont, and was a long complaint from Sullivan, concluding with the statement that if I was not immediately recalled, he (Sullivan) would not answer for the lives and property at stake, as my rash conduct was sure to bring on a fight. In the corner of Sullivan's letter I noticed the endorsement, "Another white feather." It was in Mrs. Fremont's handwriting, which I recognized at a glance. On looking up I saw a twinkle in her eye which I understood at once. Returning the note, I said: "Well, Colonel, I should dislike to leave your service just now; but, under present circumstances, I suppose either Sullivan or I must go." The Colonel replied: "You will not go until this bad business is ended, unless you want to desert me in my trouble."

A remark was dropped at this time which somewhat astonished me. In course of the conversation about the policy to be pursued, and as to whether the Colonel should from time to time appear at the camp, Mrs. Fremont became much excited and said to him: "You shall not go there. Your life is worth a thousand of such lives as those at stake at the camp." The folly and heartlessness of the remark I attributed to the natural impulse of a loving wife who wished to keep her husband out of danger of ignoble death.

We continued our policy of keeping the Merced Mining Company men in constant apprehension. Knowing that we had the law on our side gave us a great advantage; and from the beginning I felt confident no trouble would ensue from our aggressive course, in which opinion Colonel Fremont fully concurred.

In the meantime every effort was made to invoke the power of the law. The sheriff of the county summoned a *posse* of over one hundred citizens to forcibly eject the trespassers. As they were nearly all in sympathy with the Merced Mining Company, and the sheriff himself had accepted any and every false pretext for over two months to evade doing his plain duty to put Colonel Fremont in possession of his mines, the writ was not put in execution. Through Sheriff Crippen's venality or cowardice, over one hundred men with guns in their hands openly defied the law. As a last resort, I was sent with documents to be transmitted to the Governor at Sacramento, upon which a requisition was made on the State militia to suppress this incipient rebellion.

Starting from Bear Valley August 25, 1858, at two o'clock in the morning, I reached Snellings, on the Merced river, before noon, and there obtained a relay; then I rode to Firebaugs Ferry, on the San Joaquin, arriving about midnight. An early start before daybreak brought me to Corral Hollow by nine in the morning. There I took the wrong trail to the south, and wandered all day in the steep hills at the foot of the high mountains, regaining the trail about four o'clock; but my horse was completely broken down and scarcely able to walk.

When I arrived at the coal mines I was speechless from having ridden all day in the burning sun without water or food. My tongue and throat were so swollen and parched that I could not utter a sound. After drinking and eating something I soon revived, and continued on my way at a snail's pace. Whip and spur would not force my poor beast out of a slow walk.

At Livermore's ranch I fortunately secured a fine young colt to take the place of my broken-down animal, and proceeded across the valley, and thence through the Livermore Pass to Alvarado.

The ride from Livermore was delightful. The moon and stars never seemed so bright. Borne by the spirited colt over the silent plain, surrounded by mountains, with Mount Diablo bathed in moonlight, I will ever remember my feeling of elation and thankfulness that my tiresome journey was so near an end.

After a few hours rest at Alvarado, early next morning found me in San Francisco. My dispatches were duly delivered, and within a week arms and ammunition were shipped to Mariposa *via* Stockton, and several companies of militia were ordered by the Governor to the "seat of war."

In the meantime, the Merced Mining Company, finding that their days were numbered and that they could no longer defy the writs of a court, entered the field of diplomacy as a last resort. When it was rumored that Colonel Fremont was in negotiation for a settlement with the Merced Mining Company, no one believed it possible, from the fact that at that time the State militia was actually on the way to enforce a recognition of his rights.

Arriving at Mariposa two days later, I was able to confirm the rumor that a settlement had been made. All who had participated in the struggle for possesion were astonished at the unexpected compromise. I was filled with indignation, and immediately resolved to shake the dust of Mariposa from my feet, starting the same day for San Francisco, too angry to bid any one farewell.

The adventurers and speculators who constituted a court, so to speak, over which Colonel Fremont and his wife presided, decided that $100,000 should be paid to the Merced Mining Company for abandoning their fight. The greater part of that sum, it was subsequently learned, went to the creditors of the Colonel and to the promotors of the scheme of settlement—the speculators thinking it safer to acquire ready gold by such a compromise than to await the slower and more hazardous process of extracting it from the ground. Whether Colonel Fremont ever ascertained that he had been duped, I do not know; but Mr. Palmer and others had ample evidence of the fact.

Mrs. Fremont was a highly accomplished woman of fine intellect, with a towering ambition and courage equal to her husband's. The acquisition of power and the love of display and leadership were her ruling passions, and caused much of her husband's trouble and disappointment. At their residence at Bear Valley, Mariposa, were many devices pinned to the walls—such, for example, as an illustration from Shakespeare's "Henry V.," where the King is made to say "By the sword I have gained my titles, and by the sword I will maintain them!" which idea was not always possible of fulfillment, as subsequent history has shown.

This disposition for ostentation and display of power was notable at the beginning of the Civil War. At St. Louis, where General Fremont commanded, he surrounded himself by an exclusive crowd of military officers of all nationalities who flocked to his standard, inasmuch as he possessed, above all the generals in the field, the most brilliant record. They became his body-guard and military staff, and no one was admitted to his presence without as much ceremonious delay as any royal personage might demand. By such undemocratic exclusiveness, the General offended some of his best friends, notably Montgomery and General Frank Blair, who were his warm personal friends and political supporters. Sherman, Grant and many West Point army officers of distinction were frequently detained at his headquarters for an indefinite period awaiting an interview. Most, if not all, of this imperious style was devised and carried out by Mrs. Fremont.

After the war, General Fremont became president of the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad, which was intended to traverse the country he had explored on his later expeditions. He went to Europe on its behalf, endeavoring to obtain aid from foreign capitalists. But the exposure of the Credit Mobilier in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad destroyed the credit of all such enterprises. On a charge of fraudulent representations concerning them, suit was instituted against General Fremont in Paris, in his absence. He was condemned to five years' imprisonment (which was not enforced) and a fine. He denied all responsibility for the representations made by his brokers; but the failure of his projects reduced him to poverty, and also involved his brother-in-law, Count Boileau, then Consul-General of France in Canada, in deep disgrace, he being imprisoned and stripped of his decoration of the Legion of Honor, and reduced to misery and poverty, from which bitter change in his fortune he survived only a few months.

The ultimate financial misfortunes of General Fremont were like those of General Grant. Had either of them possessed ordinary business qualifications they might have succeeded beyond the wildest flights of fancy in securing a colossal fortune. No man living in modern times had greater opportunities of acquiring wealth than did General Fremont; and no one could have failed more signally in taking advantage of them.

The San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, from its inception in the days of the Vigilance Committee to the present time, has been notorious for the malignant and bitter spirit with which it has pursued all those whom it deemed culpable. Many public men of undoubted merit and integrity have suffered from its persecution. The gigantic influence which the *Bulletin* wielded, until within a recent period, was obtained mainly through its persecution of notoriously blameworthy men, who, shielded by political or financial influence, thought they could defy decency and common honesty. Such men met the fate they deserved in the merciless columns of the *Bulletin*. Among the journal's unjust attacks, prompted by prejudice and hatred, may be cited the denunciation of Gilbert A. Grant, Frederick P. Tracy, David C. Broderick, Colonel E. D. Baker and Frank McCoppin. But the most outrageous of all were the editorial comments on William C. Ralston on the day of his funeral, which so incensed many of the *Bulletin's* most ardent admirers that they immediately withdrew their support. The *Bulletin* people were never forgiven, for no apology could condone so ill-timed an attack upon a man distinguished above all others in California for his great enterprise and liberality. From the date of Ralston's death the *Bulletin's* influence began to wane; and from being a property valued at a quarter of a million dollars, its decayed influence and loss of advertising patronage resulted in its sale at public auction, in 1890, at only thirty-five thousand dollars.

In 1857 Palmer, Cook & Co. were maintaining themselves in business with the greatest difficulty, and under the stress of unfavorable events which were constantly succeeding one another. They became more and more closely affiliated with the men who were involved in, and had been connected with, Adams & Company and Page, Bacon & Company. D. C. Woods, Alfred A. Cohen, Henry M. Naglee (General Naglee), and a clique who made the bank their headquarters, were intensely unpopular—so obnoxious, indeed, to the excited public mind, that it was considered a disgrace to be seen in their company. This cause, and the influence of politicians who were constantly lounging about the bank, brought matters to a crisis.

In the spring of 1857 a protracted meeting of the members of the banking house, attended by their lawyers, General McDougall and Rufus A. Lockwood, was held. It lasted nearly all night. The condition of the bank was discussed in order to determine whether to wind up its affairs and go out of business. Mr. Lockwood advised the partners very strenuously to close the bank and save what they could from the wreck, pointing out that with its heavy indebtedness and the enormous interest payable monthly, it was only a question of a short time when their fortune, or what they might then save, would be wholly absorbed. Being already apprised of what Mr. Lockwood's advice would be, and fully expecting in the morning to see the bank closed, great was my astonishment to see it wide open, all the clerks at their posts, and everything proceeding in the usual routine way without interruption. There was not even a suspicion among the employés or habitués of the office that so serious a discussion as "to be or not to be" had taken place. Cashier George Read and I were the only parties outside of those attending the meeting who knew anything of what had occurred.

This decision of the firm to continue its banking business was a fatal mistake, as it involved the necessity of borrowing more money at high rates of interest. The income from the rentals had materially decreased, and it was only by daily compromising with the tenants that they could be retained.

About this time, to unsettle business the more, came the great excitement over the Fraser river mines. Thousands of our best and most enterprising citizens left the country for those mines, never to return. Real estate had another drop and business went from bad to worse. In fact, these were the darkest days San Francisco ever experienced.

Notwithstanding the untiring energy and unflinching courage of Mr. Palmer in those troublous days, he could not turn the sweeping, resistless tide set against the house, whose doom now seemed inevitable. I never could understand Mr. Palmer's calm self-possession in the face of that trying ordeal. Whether during business hours in the midst of annoyances, or at his home entertaining at his table some of the most noted men of the time, all with him was as calm and serene as a summer's day. I have never ceased to marvel at his singular self-possession under the most trying circumstances, and the mystery of it is unsolved to this day. This attribute was, no doubt, the secret of his influence over every one with whom he came in contact.

The closing of the bank could be postponed no longer, and early in 1858 it went out of existence. No depositor lost a cent, and only a few were discommoded by having to wait for a full settlement of their claims. Those of the firm's customers who had received the most credit and benefits were the first to abandon them in their misfortunes.

Very true

Jones, the junior member of the firm, through his vanity and stupidity, caused them much loss and embarrassment, notably the bitter enmity of James King of William and the *Bulletin's* persecution, at which period their troubles began. Jones' miserable ending was consistent with his wretched, selfish life. He died in New York in the latter part of 1859. He had few friends while he lived, and left none to mourn his death.

All the princely fortune of the firm mainly passed into the hands of its creditors, and for a brief time afterwards the property was left to my management. The new owners, however, soon obtained a knowledge of the details of the business, which eventually left me with a rather limited sphere of usefulness. At this period several of my friends told me that so long as I remained in any way connected with Palmer, Cook & Co.'s affairs, however remotely, I could not expect to succeed in any business enterprise in San Francisco. To their advice, which in a worldly sense I knew to be true, I turned a deaf ear. No pretext or argument could induce me to ignore my employers' claims to my continued friendship for them from the day I entered their office until it was closed. Their kind treatment and consideration of me, under all circumstances, was more like the solicitude of parents; and it was but natural that I clung to them in their adversity. The few who remained loyal to them were, without exception, those of their friends who had been the least favored in their days of prosperity.

I continued my agency for them, and also for Edward Field, Mr. Palmer's father-in-law. Some of the property Mr. Field had acquired from the firm was located at the Mission of San José, at the Warm Springs, and also near Alvarado, consisting of eight thousand acres of land stocked with several thousand sheep, cattle and horses. Originally this property had

Characteristic of Ed Bosqui true as steel been transferred as security to Edward Field for large sums of money loaned to the firm about the time that Colonel Fremont became candidate for President of the United States. At that time the firm advanced the Colonel large sums of money and was his chief political supporter in California. In fact, Palmer, Cook & Co. were the recognized head and front of the "Black Republican Party," so called, in those days of bitter political strife; and any affiliation with that party was looked upon with reproach and disdain by a majority of the people of California—particularly by the office-holders, who were, with few exceptions, Southerners. The large sums of money expended to furnish the "sinews of war" on behalf of the Republican Party, and the firm's political aspirations in connection with Fremont's candidacy, constituted the primary cause of Palmer, Cook & Co.'s failure.

I now changed my office to Captain Henry M. Naglee's building on Merchant street, where I occupied rooms in common with Ralph C. Harrison and General Colton. I became the agent for Edward Field, Montgomery Blair (subsequently a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet), and of Senator David C. Broderick. The latter would drop into the office almost daily and meet Colonel Baker and other friends and discuss affairs and politics.

When I first became acquainted with Mr. Broderick, in 1852, he was a man of notable presence, with a massive head and broad shoulders. When conversing, there was a genial twinkle in his eye, which was very winning and which conveyed an impression of native power and dignity; but he had a large mouth and the heavy jaws of an athlete, indicating a lack of refinement and delicacy of feeling. In 1858, on his return from Washington, and during a few years before his untimely death, his face bore an expression of pain and melancholy, intensified by his somewhat stooping shoulders and chronic ill health. Mr. Broderick had represented Democracy pure and simple at Washington, and had no sympathy with the Southern chivalry element which was dominant in the Senate. In Washington he had been treated with contempt and called a "mud-sill"—as were all those who opposed the South for several years before the war. Broderick, from the moment he arrived in Washington as a Senator from California, and up to the day of his death, commanded the respect of all who knew him well, through his native ability, great purity of character, and utter fearlessness in the discharge of his duty. He was, undoubtedly, one of the band of heroes and uncompromising spirits who aided materially in hastening the great issue of secession and the Civil War. The tragedy of his death was soon to be enacted. It seemed as if his violent end was foreshadowed in the cloud of gloom and apprehension which hovered over his last days.

The circumstances leading up to the duel in which Terry shot Broderick are too long to relate here. I was aware of what was going on behind the scenes from the beginning to the end of the drama, as General D. D. Colton, A. J. Butler and Moses Flanagan discussed from day to day some of the preliminary arrangements of the duel in my presence. Finally on the 12th of September, 1859, I was asked to witness the duel. I had no inclination to be present, and felt from the beginning that it was a disgraceful business and should not take place; but Colton and Butler insisted that there was no honorable way to avert the meeting, and that Broderick "must accept the challenge or be branded as a coward." Accordingly the affair took place the next day. At Terry's fire the ball entered Broderick's breast and lodged in his left side. He was immediately conveyed to Leonidas Haskell's residence at Black Point, where he lingered in great pain until the morning of the 17th of September. It was said by one present at his bedside, that in an interval of his delirium the day before his death he exclaimed: "They have killed me because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration!" His remains were removed to the Union Hotel, corner of Kearny and Merchant streets, there to lie in state until Sunday, the 18th, when the funeral was celebrated.

Colonel Baker delivered an impressive oration over the body to a great crowd assembled on the plaza. He stated that no man could suppose his friend's death "was caused by any other reason than that to which his own words assigned it. It had been long foreshadowed; it was expected by his friends; it was threatened by his enemies; and was a consequence of intense political hatred."

Broderick was buried at Lone Mountain Cemetery. Soon afterwards Colonel Baker went to Oregon, assisted the campaign in opposition to the Buchanan Democracy, and in 1860 was elected United States Senator.

Colonel Baker was born in England, but was a mere child when he came to America. He studied law in Illinois, and in his early manhood he was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln and Rufus A. Lockwood, and studied and practiced law in the same courts with them. Later on he was distinguished for his gallantry as a soldier in the Mexican War. When the Civil War commenced he was Senator from Oregon, and during a recess of the Senate he raised a regiment of volunteers in the East named the "California Regiment." At Ball's Bluff, while gallantly leading his brigade against the enemy, he was killed, pierced by six bullets. His body was brought to San Francisco, where Edward Stanley delivered a stirring funeral oration, and another was pronounced at the grave by the Rev. T. Starr King. He was buried near the resting place of his friend Senator Broderick. Thus ended the life of another of the most gifted and distinguished men of his generation.

In the autumn of 1857 I made the acquaintance of the young lady who afterwards became my wife. We were married May 4th, 1859. I do not hesitate to say that this was the most notable event of my life; for to the influence of my wife, and to her exalted virtues as a mother and wife, I attribute whatever success and happiness have fallen to my lot.

Early in 1858 it became necessary to make more economical household arrangements. I had kept my brothers at school from their childhood. They were self-willed, adventurous boys, full of mischief, but not in any sense vicious. My mother having been for years a great invalid, had little or no influence with with them, and the responsibility of their care and management rested on my shoulders—a duty for which I was hardly qualified. Even if I had been, the time at my disposal was too limited to care for them properly. Believing that my brothers could be more independently situated and more free from temptations in the country, I proposed to buy some land and settle outside of the city. They were all delighted when informed of this project. I then purchased a five-hundred-acre tract of land situated in the center of Moraga Valley, about ten miles from Oakland. On this land I built a country house, and soon the family were comfortably settled. In the meantime, Mr. William Haven, my brother-in-law, purchased a tract adjoining, and the Haven family, with my wife's mother and sister, became our neighbors. This made it extremely pleasant for both families, and prevented any feeling of isolation or loneliness. Both places were beautifully situated. The hillsides were covered with clover and wild oats, and up to 1850 all the country in and about Moraga Valley had been the native haunt of wild game—deer, antelope, bear and elk. Fragments of bleaching elk horns could be found scattered over the valley, and many entire and perfect specimens of the great antlers, although bleached by the sun, I picked up and preserved at the time of our residence there.

The road to Moraga Valley passed over the range east of Berkeley and descended into a long, narrow defile, through which flowed a fine trout stream much frequented by such enthusiastic sportsmen as Colonel Jack Hayes, Major Caperton and General Addison. The stream was flanked on each side by well-wooded hillsides. Another road over the mountain range to the valley led from Alameda through an ancient forest of giant redwoods, following the margin of another beautiful stream. This was the road most frequently used, and I always chose it when going to and returning from San Francisco, for it abounded in the most charming combinations of form and color. It was a delightful transition to pass, on summer afternoons, from the cold fogs and high winds of the city into the perfume-laden air of the calm, peaceful valley. I shall always retain the most pleasant memories of this lovely country.

About six months after our settlement in Moraga Valley we had some dispute over the boundary lines of the place with a great bully of an Irishman named McGee, who attempted to fence in about a third of our territory. For several weeks McGee had a party of twenty men at work running a picket fence through the Moraga grant. One day as they approached our division line I appeared on the ground with my man, an old Texan ranger, armed with a rifle, Colt's revolver and bowie knife; and as we went up to McGee and his gang of men I addressed him loudly enough to attract the attention of all. I told him that as he appeared to be in some doubt as to where our division line ran, I now proposed to show him just where to stop building his fence. Without a word in reply, McGee turned to his men and ordered them to proceed with their work. This they refused to do, and after some parley they all left us in peaceable possession of the field.

During the winter of 1860 and 1861 a phenomenal rainfall flooded the country, involving great destruction of property in every direction. Our place, like others, suffered great damage. Some of our cattle and horses were drowned, and the center of the valley below our house, which had been a beautiful broad meadow before the flood, was washed away and thirty to forty feet depth of rich alluvial soil carried off, leaving bare the bed of sandstone forming its foundation. The valley was scarred by deep, impassable barancas thirty to forty feet deep, and the face of the once beautiful place so changed that one could scarcely recognize it.

When we first moved to the valley my brothers commenced building fences and worked diligently; but in a few months their enthusiasm waned through a lack of harmony, which soon led to a separation. Each one started out on his own account.

When I obtained employment at the Custom House my wife and I removed to San Francisco, leaving the other members of the family on the farm, which was then all fenced in and almost self-supporting. But on the disruption of the family I found it necessary to dispose of the place, and soon afterwards sold it.

In the spring of 1861 my real estate business had dwindled into insignificence. Mr. Palmer, to help his nephew, transferred the management of the Field estate to him. It no longer paid to keep an office, and the farm yielded no profit over the bare living expenses of the family.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, having no employment in view, I determined to join the army, relying upon Mr. Blair and other influential friends and acquaintances at Washington to aid me in securing an appointment. All my friends, without exception, condemned the project; but finding that I was not to be dissuaded and that I had already secured my passage to New York, they exerted all their influence with the then Collector of the Port, Ira P. Rankin, to secure for me a position in the Custom House. Such a one was finally tendered me and accepted. My patriotism and military ambition were subordinated to the superior and urgent claims of a young wife and of a family consisting of brothers and sisters, my mother and an aunt—all dependent upon me for support.

The position offered me was a nominal one and devoid of much responsibility. In fact, the Collector's brother, Edward Rankin, and his partner, Robert Reynolds, were the real parties at interest. My compensation was liberal, though, and we all felt that it was a great piece of temporary good fortune.

My duties were very simple, and so were the parties whom I served. The business was profitable, and the bank account grew so fast and money accumulated so rapidly that it soon turned the heads of both Reynolds and Rankin. They had a fine equipment of horses and drays—indeed, more than ample to do all the work required. But their foolish ambition was to excel their rivals; and they were so fond of fine horses that they bought up every animal that attracted their fancy. Dazzled by their easily acquired wealth, they seemed eager not only to spend the last dollar to their credit for horses, but went to the extreme of building a costly stable. Within a year they were in debt. I did and said all I could to dissuade them from making such extravagant and unnecessary expenditures, pointing out how limited their opportunities would be, inasmuch as in a year or two political changes would occur and might deprive them of their opportunity of securing a fortune. This advice was unheeded. Rankin and Reynolds became more and more reckless and negligent, and finally were seen too often in barrooms.

A short time after I took charge of the accounts and business of the firm a serious dispute arose with the merchants, who claimed that an unnecessary quantity of sample packages of merchandise were sent to the appraiser's store by the appraisers. This disagreement soon involved several of the departments. Adjusted in one direction, it would in a few weeks break out with renewed vigor in another quarter, until finally the whole Custom House was in a ferment. To add fuel to the flames, Mr. Rankin's deputy, C. D. Cushman, a superannuated Methodist minister, entered the quarrel against his superior.

The Collector, failing to make any headway towards a settlement of the trouble, and after several months' delay in deciding what to do, engaged me to go to Washington to lay the case before the Secretary of the Treasury. I set out immediately, and arrived at New York in July, 1862. At Sandy Hook, before entering the harbor, a pilot who boarded the steamer gravely related to our captain the bad news just then received concerning the Grand Army of the Potomac, from which so much had been expected by the nation. The seven days' battles had ended in a series of defeats, and McClellan's army was in full retreat to Harrison's Landing. The outlook seemed stormy and black, and all who crowded around the pilot and listened to this terrible news were fearfully depressed, with the exception of a few Southerners, who could hardly disguise their joy.

At Washington, the weather was oppressively hot; the city was full of wounded soldiers, and more were coming every day from Harrison's Landing and vicinity. The hospitals were all overcrowded, and the people one met looked anxious and depressed. But recruits were arriving daily, and as they filed bravely past through Pennsylvania avenue, seemed to inspire everybody with renewed hope and courage.

A regiment from Maine marched past one morning while I was on my way to the Capitol. It was a full regiment of the most intelligent looking men I had ever seen in the ranks of an army. They moved with the air and precision of veterans. All of them were above the average height, except the officers; and those in the front ranks seemed to be over six feet tall. What seemed most remarkable was that all the officers in command were below the average height, and appeared dwarfed by the big fellows in the ranks—mostly lumbermen from the forests of Maine. Alas! how very few of those fine fellows ever returned to the green hills of their native State.

The army was soon to be commanded by different generals. McClellan proved himself at this early period of the war inefficient and vacillating; and by many his conduct was thought treasonable. Subsequent events in his career also fully confirmed the fact that he was incompetent to fill the supremely important position to which he was assigned. He was no true soldier, for he always avoided a battle. He signally failed at Fredericksburg, when he might easily have captured Lee's army. Many thought he should have been courtmartialed for his bungling and suspicious conduct on this occasion.

The officials at the capital seemed overworked and anxious. There was great hurrying to and fro. Long lines of people were formed in the halls and anterooms at the capitol, patiently awaiting admission. When I called upon Mr. Blair there were at least fifty civilians in line, and quite a number of army officers, waiting to see him. Upon being admitted, I hastened to tell him my message; and after a brief interview he made an appointment for eleven o'clock the next morning, when he promised to present me to the Secretary of the Treasury. The next day I was duly presented to Secretary Chase, who was, I found, one of the most imposing specimens of manhood I had ever seen. He was a tall, finely-proportioned man, with the dignified pose and bearing of an emperor. My business with him was soon concluded. Dictating to one of his secretaries, he said: "Instruct the Collector of the Port of San Francisco not to countenance insubordination in any official under him within his jurisdiction; and tell him that he must realize that on him alone the responsibility rests of governing the affairs of the customs." Turning to me with an imperious air that almost took my breath away, he said: "Tell Mr. Rankin that all the trouble he appears to labor under should have been avoided by a prompt suspension of the offending party." Whereupon he abruptly turned his attention to more important matters. Thus the business which had brought me across the continent was transacted in ten minutes. Of course I felt greatly relieved now that my mission to Washington had ended so favorably.

I remained most of the time while in Washington the guest of Judge Lawrence, my wife's uncle—a delightful host, who did all he could to make my time pass pleasantly. We visited Arlington, the home of the Lees, and other places of interest. The Judge obtained for me a special permit to visit the Corcoran Gallery, which was to be opened to the public in a few weeks. Everything was in confusion, but we saw many fine paintings. What interested me most was witnessing the unpacking of an almost complete collection of bronzes of Barye. There were more than one hundred, forming the largest collection of this famous sculptor's work in the possession of any institution in the world.

At this time my friend Mr. Charles W. Rand was daily expecting to receive his appointment as United States Marshal for the District of California, which he received a few months later. He wanted me to call on President Lincoln with him. We failed to see the President on the morning of our appointment, however, owing to a protracted cabinet meeting necessitated by the critical condition of affairs at that time.

At the end of two weeks Panama fever had rapidly developed in my system, preventing me from fulfilling my original intention of revisiting my old home, and hastening my departure for California.

On my arrival in San Francisco, Dr. Henry P. Bowie pronounced my case a serious one; but within two months I had sufficiently recovered my health to resume work.

The first day I resumed my duties I found more trouble brewing between the Collector and his deputy. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Rankin had been fully informed of my success at Washington, in having his position plainly defined and fully endorsed by the Secretary of the Treasury, he still tamely permitted Cushman to ignore his authority. This exasperated me beyond measure, for it kept our accounts with the importers in a snarl, and unsettled our business. The Collector was continually ruling in our favor, and Cushman ruling against us. I called on Mr. Rankin and asked him bluntly why he permitted his subordinate to dictate, and to assume the prerogative which he alone possessed; reminding him of the fact that the Secretary of the Treasury had plainly stated to me that he alone was to blame for not asserting himself and suspending his inferior for insubordination. Furthermore, I said I could not understand why he should continue to have any correspondence with Cushman, who had repeatedly brought his honor and integrity into question. Rankin respectfully and tamely listened, but made no reply even when I asserted that the Treasury Department regarded his submission to his deputy's rulings the cause of all his troubles. From that day I lost all respect for Mr. Rankin, and subsequently found that he deserved no man's confidence or respect.

I continued with Reynolds and Rankin a year longer, when one day I listened to a proposition of my friend Henry Lawrence on behalf of a gentleman who wanted a partner in his bookbinding business. Being so disgusted with my Custom House associates, I was ready to consider any opening. After a few days' negotiation and examination of the business I concluded that if I could get the amount required to purchase a half interest I should do so. A few days afterwards, J. Mora Moss, of Pioche, Bayerque & Co., sent for me, and to my great surprise stated that he had been informed by a mutual friend (Mr. Cook) that I might need the loan of a few thousand dollars to go into business; and that if so, although he was not a money lender, he would take great pleasure in accommodating me. My gratitude over his volunteering me assistance was greatly enhanced by the kindly way it was proffered.

It so happened that I had no occasion to borrow from Mr. Moss, for, encouraged by his offer, I presumed to test my credit with William C. Ralston. The next morning I presented my note for the amount required at Fritz and Ralston's Bank for discount. Mr. Ralston looked at the note for some time—it seemed a very long time to me. Then he looked very seriously and calmly at me and said: "Well, governor, you seem to think you will get the money on this note without an endorser." Returning his earnest gaze, I answered, "Most assuredly I do." Ralston turned to the note clerk and orded the required sum placed to my credit. The next day I became possessor of a half interest in Alexander Buswell's bookbindery.

It soon became apparent that the business was capable of expansion, but I had to contend with a partner who was without method, and so easy-going that he was constantly being imposed upon. He had no influence in the establishment, and was wholly unfit to have charge of men, although an excellent mechanic and workman himself. The more duties I assumed about the place, the more indifferent he became. Then he began to dabble in stocks, and every day was absent for a few hours from the bindery. Within a few months after engaging in the business, of which I had no practical knowledge, I was obliged by my partner's neglect to assume its entire management. The result was that in a very short time I necessarily became conversant with the work in all its details. Within a year the amount of business had nearly doubled, and an average of thirty men and women were constantly employed. Buswell became more and more neglectful of his duties, and it was finally decided that one of us should buy the other out. I accepted Buswell's offer, which was about one-half the intrinsic value of the establishment. Fortunately for me, however, he did not stipulate that I should not continue in the same line of work. On one of his friends suggesting that he should do so, he replied that I should certainly fail if I attempted it, and that I was not such a fool as to go into a business about which I was entirely ignorant.

Within a month after the negotiations with Buswell I bought the book-bindery of an old German named Froedel, and in November, 1863, established the business on my own account under the firm name of Edward Bosqui & Co. Later letterpress printing was done in connection with bookbinding, and in 1876 lithographic engraving and printing was added, which is to-day the chief department of the business.

At the beginning of the war Mr. Palmer went to St. Louis, and through General Fremont, who was in command of the Department of the West, he and Mr. E. L. Beard, of the Mission of San José, obtained some important army contracts—notably one for constructing a line of redoubts around the city of St. Louis, for which they received a large sum of money. In May, 1862, Mr. Palmer telegraphed me from St. Louis, as follows: "If you retain any consideration for me, take immediate charge of my affairs."

On receipt of this I conferred with Mr. Cook, who advised me strongly not to comply with this request, as Mr. Palmer had transferred his business from me to his nephew against his (Cook's) advice. He said that no compensation I might receive for attending to a business so involved and in debt would make it worth while. I reminded him of Mr. Palmer's uniform kindness and consideration for me in the past, and intimated that I could not very well refuse his request in his present dilemma. Even waiving all sentiment and considering the case in its material sense and as a business proposition, I could well afford to undertake the task, being familiar with all the business interests involved, and well assured from my past experience that whatever I might do would be fully endorsed.

A short time after receipt of the telegram came a letter, in which Mr. Palmer stated that his affairs in the hands of his nephew were in a tangle, and that I must take charge of them at once. He gave me full authority to do whatever I thought necessary to straighten out his affairs, with full power of attorney to mortgage or sell any real estate, and do anything necessary to protect the interests of all concerned.

Without further hesitation I complied with Mr. Palmer's request. My first effort was to find Obed Palmer, who avoided meeting me. When finally I did find him, he gave me no definite information. He could not, or would not, give me any data or statements concerning the business. All he would say was that there were some very pressing demands against the estate which must be paid, or attachments would be levied on the property. I soon ascertained that no accounts had been kept, the business had been utterly neglected, and that I had undertaken a much more difficult task than was contemplated even by Mr. Cook.

The nephew had squandered over thirty thousand dollars of his relative's money in dissipation. Having no ready money, I commenced by selling several tracts of land near the Mission of San José and a number of lots in San Francisco, and with the proceeds I paid off scores of debts, among the first of which were the accumulated wages due to ten or twelve inefficient servants at the family home at the Mission, who had received no compensation for nearly two years, and did nothing but quarrel among themselves. By paying off and discharging nearly all of them, I soon reduced affairs to an economical basis.

When Mr. Palmer went to St. Louis he had no thought of remaining there more than a few months, and left impending an important suit before the United States Supreme Court involving the title to ten thousand acres of the Mission of San José lands which had been squatted upon. A decision was rendered in favor of Palmer, Field, and Beard, but the squatters refused to leave at the demand of the United States Marshal. After paying off the most pressing debts, I had no money left to fee lawyers to enforce possession, and my only recourse was compromise. My first case was against a man named Clemente Colombet, who had possession of over a thousand acres of land adjoining the Warm Springs, including a vineyard of one hundred acres of vines in full bearing, which he had leased to some Frenchmen. These men Colombet had prejudiced against me, representing to them that I proposed virtually to put them off the land and confiscate their crop of grapes which were about ready to harvest. On demanding possession of the land they refused to listen to any overtures or argument. The leader, an intelligent fellow named Bonnet, informed me that nothing would induce them to leave without resort to force, and that his partner (pointing to a big fellow with three or four other men stationed on a knoll in the center of the vineyard and armed with shotguns) would kill the first man who should attempt to put them off the land. They were all talking excitedly as I approached. Speaking to them in their own language, I briefly stated that instead of considering me an enemy they should receive me as a friend, as all I desired was simply to have them recognize Mr. Field as their landlord; and that I, as his agent, would grant them the same terms that Clemente Colombet had allowed them; that they would be secured in all their rights and would have the privilege of harvesting their grapes, and would suffer no loss. It was some time before they could realize the fairness of the proposition; but finally Bonnet induced them to accept my offer, and thereafter they regarded me as their best friend.

These men were the nucleus of quite a colony of Frenchmen from Parpignan, in the south of France, and ten to fifteen of them were given employment at the Warm Springs and at the Mission vineyards. They were all faithful, industrious men. When Mr. Palmer returned home at the close of the war he made Bonnet his chief vintner, and retained the services of every one of these Frenchmen until 1870, when most of them, through patriotic feeling, returned to France and joined the army in the Franco-Prussian War.

The next case of importance was that of a Missourian who had several thousand sheep pasturing on the lowland, comprising over three thousand acres between the Warm Springs landing and Alvarado. He was a defiant fellow, and insisted upon remaining on the land which he had occupied for several years. He had repeatedly threatened that if I ever attempted to put him off the place he would shoot me. Early one December morning in 1862, during a heavy rainstorm, I knocked at the door of his little shanty. The man opened the door, and asked me what I wanted. I briefly informed him, and awaited his reply. My coming quite alone and unarmed seemed to puzzle him, and he showed signs of confusion. Seeing my advantage, I followed it up by telling him that if he were wise he would quietly leave the place, and that if he did so without giving me further trouble I would pay him eight hundred dollars in gold coin, which was more than it would cost to put him out by process of law. After some consultation with his wife he agreed to accept my offer.

The settlement of these two cases ended all the trouble with the squatters, and I had peaceble possession of the lands of Palmer and Field.

The best evidence of the wisdom of the course pursued in these matters was the fact that E. L. Beard, whose land was under the same title and similarly situated, was at the same time subjected to an expense of over twenty thousand dollars—a sum paid to Judge Tompkins as a fee in cases against the squatters. Besides, two men were killed in an open fight; and for a long time afterwards John L. Beard and Henry Ellsworth risked their lives many times in their disputes with the trespassers.

In 1867 I was induced to become one of the managers of the Industrial School, an institution originally founded by a society of philanthropic gentlemen to reform criminally-inclined boys and girls under fourteen years of age. It was provided that such cases were to be submitted to the police magistrates for examination, and the children either dismissed or committed to the school for a term not to exceed three years.

The Industrial School was situated about five miles south of the city on the road to Lake Merced, and was tolerably well adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. It was intended by the founders to make it self-supporting by the cultivation of about eighty acres of tillable land surrounding the buildings, and by the manufacture of clothing, and boot and shoe making; but they did not succeed. After struggling along and depending upon desultory contributions from the charitable, they finally had to petition the city for aid. The city board of supervisors granted the petition, and thenceforth it became a permanent tax on the citizens for its support.

Two of the supervisors were appointed managers, in accordance with the provisions and rules then adopted, and five other citizens were selected by them to serve without pay or reward. Charles D. Carter, Richard O'Neil, General Henry A. Cobb, and myself, were among the first appointed under the new régime.

The superintendent of the school was Colonel Wood, a veteran of the war, with an excellent record as a soldier, but not fitted to govern such an institution. Captain Morrill, his assistant, was also a war veteran, admirably qualified for a teacher of one hundred and eighty of the worst boys and girls that could be found in San Francisco.

At the first meeting of the board of managers we unanimously determined to remove the girls from under the same roof with the boys, and reported the necessity of doing so to save all those concerned from the current scandal and reproach incident to such a system. Our report was adopted, and the girls were removed to the Roman Catholic Magdalen Asylum, and placed in charge of the Sisters of Charity, where they were maintained at much less cost to the city, and were in every way better provided for. The boys and girls were all of a low order of intelligence, with vicious tendencies, probably in most instances inherited. Some of them were not lacking in physical beauty, but belonged to a class not very amenable to reformation. They represented all nationalities, and when first committed were disposed to be insolent and defiant—some of them to such a degree that they had to be placed in solitary confinement until they ceased their blasphemous and obscene remarks. They were not permitted to refer to their past history or former associations under a severe penalty. They were on every occasion encouraged in their efforts to reform by granting them privileges denied to those inclined to rebel. By such rules some of the worst cases were brought under subjection; and within a year, to our great satisfaction, some were so far reformed that these good Sisters of Charity obtained situations for them in respectable families in the city and country. A number of them became good members of the community through the patient Christian efforts of those noble women, whose lives were entirely devoted to the reform of their fallen sisters.

About this time a Mr. Wadsworth, a Front-street merchant and a leading member of Grace Episcopal Church, called on me to know "why the Catholics had taken exclusive charge of the Christian training of the inmates of the Industrial School?" He stated that he had been reliably informed that the priests and nuns were giving religious instruction to the children of a public institution, which, under the law, should not be sectarian. I replied that it was no fault of the board of management, as the doors were open and free to all, whether Jew or Gentile. That it appeared quite as strange to me as it did to him that with the solitary exception of the Reverend Dr. Briggs, a Methodist clergyman, who regularly visited the school, no other Protestant minister ever crossed its threshold, except at the yearly exhibitions, when the city provided carriages for the public who were interested in the prosperity of the school. On those occasions a number of Protestant clergymen appeared, commended the good work of the teachers, and enjoyed the bounteous lunch provided for them, and were not seen again until the next yearly exhibition. The priests and nuns, however, called every Sunday during the year, rain or shine, reaching the school in vehicles at their own expense, giving the inmates religious instruction and such spiritual encouragement and comfort as became their holy calling. I assured Mr. Wadsworth that under the circumstances we should not interfere with them and deprive the inmates of any religious instruction whatever; furthermore, that the board of managers would be pleased to have all the Christian denominations of the city emulate the Catholics in their good work.

The institution being now rid of its most troublesome element—the female members—the superintendent, with the efficient assistance of Captain Morrill, was enabled to concentrate all his time and attention on the boys. Everything was progressing favorably, to all appearances; but it was the calm before a storm.

In 1868 the *Chronicle* published, with a flourish of headlines calculated to inflame the public mind, an account of certain abuses and outrages alleged to have been perpetrated by the superintendent and other officials.

One of the brightest and most promising of the inmates of the school, Benjamin Napthaly, was induced to report several scandalous stories, involving Colonel Wood and, in fact, all the officials at the school. There was just enough truth in the sensational statements to give force to the malicious purpose of defamation and abuse. A public investigation was ordered, and the community was treated daily for several weeks with false deductions of the proceedings. The final result was that Colonel Wood was compelled to resign, and the board of managers elected Captain Morrill in his stead.

So far the *Chronicle* had succeeded in making everything and everybody connected with the Industrial School appear infamous or disreputable. When their success seemed complete, a serious quarrel occurred between their informer (Napthaly) and the enterprising proprietors of the *Chronicle*. Napthaly had published in a blackmail sheet a biographical record of the individual members of the De Young family, which, whether true or false, was an outrage upon decency, and was of the most malignant character. This quarrel lasted for a long time, and culminated in the assassination of Charles De Young by an ex-clergyman named Kalloch—to which criminal act the latter probably owed his subsequent election as mayor of the city, to the great scandal and disgrace of the community.

Captain Morrill continued to fill the position of superintendent of the Industrial School in a most creditable manner. When everything was in a turmoil, and doubt and demoralization existed on all sides, Morrill, like a hero, never faltered in his patient performance of his duty—preventing the utter ruin of the school.

In this connection, the story of those stormy trials might be interesting, if only to furnish one of the many examples of the injury and suffering that can be inflicted by the power of a newspaper when it exceeds the bounds of its legitimate duty and descends to false representation and malignant abuse to carry out its vengence, without considering the grave and irreparable injury inflicted upon innocent parties.

Towards the end of our troubles caused by the *Chronicle*, James Laidley was appointed to fill a vacancy in the board. He was an eccentric character, a Falstaff in appearance, and cross-eyed. Under his rather grotesque exterior there was one of the gentlest dispositions. Ever ready to help any one in distress, he earned the esteem of all who knew him. Happening one day to be in General Miller's office in the Custom House, I noticed that the General was much excited and in a bad humor. He asked me if I knew Laidley, and I replied that he was a good friend of mine whom I respected highly. The General then stated that Laidley had boasted in public that he had two brothers who had been in the war, and both were badly wounded in the back, which he thought was a matter of as little importance as the wound General Miller had received in his head. "The only difference was that one was injured in front, and the others in the rear." The General grew more angry as he proceeded to comment on Laidley's remarks; then he showed me a telegram which he proposed to send to the Secretary of the Treasury, in which it was stated that Laidley was not eligible for the position of Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of San Francisco. As the General was a personal friend of Secretary McCulloch, the effect of this telegram would have been disastrous to Laidley's ambition; therefore, I counseled postponement of its dispatch until the latter should give an explanation of his alleged belittling remarks. After I had related a number of instances of Laidley's generosity to the inmates of the Industrial school, and of his ludicrous and eccentric conduct which I had witnessed on many occasions, the General was much amused. Destroying the dispatch, he requested me to invite Laidley to call upon him with me the next day. When we met the following day everything was satisfactorily explained, and Laidley subsequently received his coveted appointment, having been endorsed by General Miller.

In 1865 I met Benjamin P. Avery for the first time. Our acquaintanceship ripened at once into warm friendship, and later on into closest intimacy. He had been editor and proprietor of the Marysville *Appeal*, one of the first Republican papers in the State. Subsequently he joined the editorial staff of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and continued in this capacity until 1872, when he assumed the editorial management of the *Overland Monthly*. The latter he laid aside in 1874, when he accepted the post of United States Minister to China, which was made vacant by the resignation of Governor Low. Upon his arrival in San Francisco he became identified with the California Academy of Sciences, in which he took a warm interest.

The San Francisco Art Association was the object of Mr. Avery's warmest solicitude. He was profoundly interested in its success, and never failed to attend the meetings when it was of vital importance that sound counsel should prevail against the captious and impracticable tendencies of many of the artist members. Indeed, it was to Mr. Avery, more than to any other single member, that the association was indebted for its permanent establishment.

From the beginning of our acquaintance it was our custom to visit frequently all the local studios, where we were always warmly received. There seemed to exist an intuitive feeling of regard and good-will for Avery wherever he went. This was quite natural, for the artists of San Francisco never had a more sincere or more steadfast friend. His comments, both verbal and written, were always encouraging; and often when I remonstrated against his indiscriminate praise, which I deemed not always justified, he would reply in this vein: "He is such an earnest, conscientious worker that it would be cruel to point out all the defects of his work. He will improve. Just think how hard he must have struggled to attain the standard he has already reached."

He viewed nature with the tender, loving eye of a poet and painter. Nothing beautiful in form or color escaped his observation. At the shrine of nature he worshiped with the devotion and fervor of a true artist. Outside of his routine of duty as a journalist, which was simply regarded as a means of earning a living, his thoughts and studies were entirely devoted to art. His heart was in the country and under the blue sky.

One May day, after one of his favorite walks in the neighborhood of Berkeley, when the hills were radiant with wild flowers, and the air ringing with the song of birds, he dined with us, and read a little poem he had just written To a Meadow-Lark, which appeared later among his collected verse. He had been deeply impressed that day by the bird's short, rapturous song, as suggestive and fleeting as the spring itself.

After short intervals of rest in the country, made imperative by his fast-failing health, he would say joyfully, with a heart full of gratitude: "What a loving mother Nature is! I never go away to the country that I do not return with recovered health, and with renewed hope and energy." Unfortunately, later on the effect was not so happy. Bravely struggling, he refused to realize the actual condition of his health, and worked on unremittingly to the end.

It was my rare privilege to be his companion on several occasions when he had to abandon his post for temporary relief—notably when visiting our mutual friend William C. Ralston at his country place at Belmont. There we remained ten days, and were entertained in a princely manner by the most generous of hosts.

During the spring and summer months, for many years, we met nearly every Sunday and strolled along the beach and old Meiggs' wharf, accompanied by two or three of my children. On our return from those pleasant walks he usually remained to dine with us and amuse himself with the little people, for whom he formed a strong attachment. Finally he became an intimate and ever welcome guest at our home.

A few months before his appointment as Minister to China, Mr. Avery had a very severe attack of what was supposed to be neuralgia, which completely prostrated him; but about the time of his appointment he rallied somewhat, apparently stimulated by the excitement incident to his projected journey. His courage never faltered, however.

I can no more than intimate here that certain domestic infelicities, in which he heroically played the rôle of a martyr, very perceptibly embittered and shortened the latter days of his life. A few weeks before his departure for China his health improved to such a marked degree that we all had hopes of his ultimate recovery through the benefits of a sea voyage and radical change in his mode of living.

Before leaving on his mission to China Mr. Avery put all his affairs in order, and confided to me their management during his absence, giving explicit instructions as to what should be done. He also made me sole administrator of his estate in the event of his death.

On the day of his departure I went to the steamer to see him off, but was so affected that I could not wait. It was well that I hurried away, for I was profoundly moved at the thought of parting with the dearest friend of a lifetime, and one of whom I had a premonition that I should never see again.

A short time after Mr. Avery's arrival at Peking, Señor Otin, Secretary of the Spanish Legation in that city, arrived in San Francisco, bringing me a letter of introduction from Mr. Avery. Señor Otin was on his way home to Madrid. He remained in San Francisco several weeks. I took great pleasure in entertaining him at home and at the Bohemian

Club, where he made many warm friends. He spoke of Mr. Avery in the most sympathetic terms, and told how highly he was esteemed, and described many incidents showing how very popular he was with the diplomatic corps of all the foreign legations at Peking.

From the information given us by Señor Otin, we all came to the conclusion that Mr. Avery could not survive many months; and on December 2, 1875, came the news of his death, which occurred on the 8th of November. I quote the following excellent tribute to Mr. Avery's character from the pen of Samuel Williams, his friend and collaborator:

"He was one of those rare men who are estimated rather below than above their true value. His modesty made him shy; and some people who but half knew him made the mistake of thinking he lacked force. No man was more firm in upright purpose; could be more courageous in the assertion of honest conviction. His adherence to principle was firm and uncompromising. He was constitutionally incapable of putting a falsehood in print or perverting facts to partisan uses. His pen was never soiled by an attack upon private character. He abhorred with all the intensity of a pure soul the personalities of journalism. His capacity for work was marvelous. We cannot recall a journalist, with perhaps the exception of Henry J. Raymond, who could write so rapidly, yet so pointedly and correctly. His well stored mind poured forth its treasures in a rapid-flowing, copious stream. He was equally ready in all departments of journalistic activity. He was an admirable dramatic critic, was well versed in the elementary principles of music, while in the specialty of art criticism he was without a rival among California writers. His editorials were models of clear statement and strong, but elegant, English; while all that he wrote was pervaded by a certain spirit of candor, and a power of moral conscience, that compelled attention and carried conviction. While the prevailing tone of his mind was serious, few writers could be more delightfully playful, and charmingly humorous. Socially Mr. Avery was very lovable. In him all the virtues seemed harmoniously combined. He was absolutely without guile, as he was without vices. His heart overflowed with love for his fellows. He could not bear to think ill of any one, and if a sense of public duty compelled him to criticise, it was done so kindly, so regretfully, that censure lost half its sting. And his friendships were so firm and steadfast, his trust in those he loved so deep and unquestioning. Who that has felt the grasp of his manly hand, and looked into the quiet depths of his kindly eye, can ever forget the subtile influence that crept like a balm into his soul? He lived in and for his friends: caring little for general society, his social world was bounded by a charmed circle of intimates. He was such a delightful companion; so fresh and bright and genial, so quaintly witty, so rich in various learning, without taint of pedantry. To know him, to be much in his society, to feel the sweet influence of his pure life, was a boon and blessing. He is dead; but the seed of thought and culture he has sown has not fallen on barren ground. His work survives him. The interests he promoted and the institutions he helped found, are living monuments of his beneficent activity. We shall see him no more in the flesh, but his spirit will long be a pervading presence to hosts of loving hearts."

The dominant note in his lovable character was gentleness. The eloquent words which Carlyle applied to Burns might with equal aptness have been written of Avery: "We see in him the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardor of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire; as lightning lurks in the drops of a summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turn to his lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit."

Early in 1871, at a social gathering of artists at the hospitable home of Juan B. Wanderforde, was conceived the idea of an art association in California. Mr. Wanderforde's proposition was enthusiastically received, and very soon afterwards the San Francisco Art Association was formally organized (March, 1871). Wanderforde, Brooks, Keith, Thomas Hill, Denny, Ernest Narjot, Richard Bush, W. L. Marple, Benjamin P. Avery, Pietro Mezzara, William Alvord and myself were among the first members, and devoted to the promotion and success of the organization. We were an enthusiastic little band, ready to give time and money to aid in its development and permanent welfare, fully appreciating the important work in view, and the accomplishment of which, even though so much remains to be done, we can now contemplate with pride as the result of our efforts.

The first exhibition was held at Platt's Hall, on Montgomery street, on the present site of the Mills Building. All the artists were well represented by their work. William Norris, John H. Saunders and others contributed some fine pictures from their collections. On the opening night of the exhibition there was music and dancing; and altogether it was pronounced one of the most successful and notable social events that San Francisco had yet seen.

At the inauguration of the Art Association Mr.

John R. Martin became its active representative, executive officer, assistant secretary and accountant. This responsible position he has filled continuously to the present time (1904). During this long period of faithful service his zeal and fidelity to the varied interests of the San Francisco Art Association have never been questioned.

One of our first efforts after the organization of the School of Design was to acquire casts from the antique; and an application was made for the purchase of casts at the Government Museum at Paris. This led to the offer of a gift of casts from the administration of M. Theirs, President of the Republic, accompanied by a graceful note from Count Charles de Remusat, Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed to Edmond Breuil, Consul of France in San Francisco, stating that the casts were presented as a slight recognition of the generous sympathy evinced for the French Republic by the authorities and citizens of San Francisco.*

Mr. Avery, as secretary of the association, acknowledged the receipt of this splendid gift, which was the first important one made, and included among others such noble examples as the Venus of Milo, The Dying Gladiator, The Apollo Belvedere, The Faun of Praxiteles, and others. In this connection Mr. Avery made a descriptive catalogue, prefaced by a brief history of Greek art, admirably written, which made the fine collection of casts doubly instructive.

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* During the Franco-Prussian War $289,000 was contributed to the relief of the wounded soldiers by the citizens of San Francisco, and nearly as large an additional amount was donated throughout the State of California.

The following is a copy of the correspondence above referred to:

"MINISTERE DES AFFAIRES ETRANGÈRES,
Direction des Consulats et Affaires Commerciales.
Paris, le 15 Octobre, 1872.

MONSIEUR :

* * * Pensant, comme vous, Monsieur, qu'il convient de saisir l'occasion qui nous est offerte de reconnaître la généreuse sympathie dont les Autorités et la population de San Francisco ont donné à la France des témoignages signalés dans des circonstances récentes, je n'ai pas hésité à appuyer ce voeu auprès de M. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique des Cultes et des Beaux Arts.

"M. Jules Simon vient de me faire savoir que, s'associant à la même pensée, il s'est empressé de donner des ordres pour que les moulages d'après l'antique désignés par M. le Maire de San Francisco soient exécutés aussi promptement que possible dans les Ateliers du Louvre. Je vous prie de l'en informer, en lui demandant de vouloir bien vous indiquer le Délégué à Paris de l'Art Union auquel mon Département devra faire la remise de cette Collection, dès qu'elle sera prête.

"Recevez, Monsieur, les assurances de ma considération très distinguée.

"(Signé:) REMUSAT.

"A Monsieur Edmond Breuil, Consul General de France, à San Francisco."

NOTE.—Count Charles de Remusat was a great-grandson of the famous Madame de Remusat of the Court of Napoleon.

"San Francisco Art Association.
November 28th, 1873.

"Mons. Edmond Breuil,
Consul of the French Republic,
San Francisco,

"Dear Sir—I have the honor to inform you that since the safe arrival of the valuable casts from the antique, presented by the French Government to this Association, the same have been successfully repaired, where necessary, and have been effectively mounted for exhibition and use in the rooms of the Association, as you can testify from personal examination.

"We beg you to make our final acknowledgment and thanks to the proper department of your government for the very generous contribution it has made to the cause of Art on the Pacific. Be assured, sir, that the gift, and the kind words accompanying it, are warmly appreciated.

"With renewed assurance of gratitude and esteem for yourself, personally, and as the honored representative of a great nation which is historically dear to every American,

"I remain, sir,
Very truly yours,
(Signed) Benj. P. Avery,
Secretary."

On the establishment of the school we were exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Virgil Williams as instructor. Williams commenced his art studies in Boston. When a mere youth he went to Italy, where he continued his studies for ten years, remaining most of that time in Rome, to which city he became much attached. He not only loved that country, but he greatly admired the people, with whom he easily affiliated. He spoke and read Italian, and became thoroughly acquainted with its literature, from which he was very fond of quoting.*

Williams was a man of varied accomplishments and intelligence, and had looked out upon the world with the eye of a keen observer. He possessed a retentive memory and the gift of describing what he had seen in a charming style peculiar to himself. Although not a great artist, he was above mediocrity, and was exceptionally well qualified as a teacher, possessing as he did a rare combination of tact, patience and sincerity, which not only inspired confidence, but gained the good-will and love of all his students. During the long term of his faithful service as Director of the School of Design, from January, 1874, until his death in 1886, there never was a cause of complaint brought against him; and when he died the managers of the Art Association could find no one to fill his place properly. His death was indeed an irreparable loss.

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*On the occasion of a dinner given by the Bohemian Club, in 1896, in honor of Tommaso Salvini, the famous actor, Williams distinguished himself by a speech of welcome in the guest's native tongue, which was enthusiastically received by Salvini. Many of the members of the club, on seeing Williams' name on the programme, expressed doubts as to whether he really had ever been in Rome. The idea that he could speak the language correctly was considered a good joke; but the event proved that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Williams' Italian address of welcome was the event of the evening, and so pleased Salvini that he became a good friend of Williams from that time on.

To better illustrate the status of the Art Association and School of Design at the time of Virgil Williams' appointment, in 1874, as director of the school, I will quote a few paragraphs from an article written for the New York *Aldine* by Mr. Avery, as follows: "The young city of San Francisco is intelligently mindful of the value of aesthetic culture, and bids fair to rank, by and by, as one of the centers of fine art in the United States. Of course, much hard work is yet to be done, but it has been well commenced, in an earnest spirit which aims at thoroughness and truth. If continuously managed in this spirit, with this aim, the California School of Design will deserve the sympathy of the friends of art and morals all over the country, and will especially deserve the aid of the wealthy citizens of San Francisco. * * * It is proposed that the School of Design shall be affiliated with the State University and receive State aid."

These papers, written thirty years ago, prove Avery's unerring judgment and foresight. What he predicted would come to pass has been fully realized by the very course he advocated, and which the intelligent and unselfish management of the association has brought about.

The San Francisco Art Association now occupies a veritable palace. Its donor, Mr. Edward F. Searles, of Methune, Massachusetts, appreciating the efforts made to maintain an art school in San Francisco, donated the Mark Hopkins residence to the regents of the University of California, "for the purpose of instruction in, and illustration of, the fine arts, music and literature." It was to bear the name of "The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art." This was accomplished by deed of trust to the regents of the University of California on February 27, 1893. By an agreement entered into between Mr. Searles, the regents and the Art Association on the same date, the California School of Design became an affiliated college of the University of California, and entered into the possession of the property conjointly with the regents.

In connection with the inception of the idea of this magnificent gift, it may be of interest to know how a property which originally cost one million six hundred thousand dollars was donated to the public. Early in 1892 Mr. Evans A. Pillsbury, a member of the association, informed me that from a recent conversation he had in New York with Mr. Searles, who had expressed much interest in our San Francisco Art Association, he believed that he might be induced to donate the Mark Hopkins residence to the association; and that if I would call at his office at a time appointed, he would present me to Mr. Thomas R. Stillman, the associate of Mr. Searles, with whom he had also conferred, and that without a doubt we could secure his aid in the matter. In fact, Mr. Pillsbury thought the time was most propitious while Mr. Stillman was in San Francisco to lay the foundation for obtaining the coveted gift. I immediately suggested that Mr. William Alvord, who had been one of the most constant and liberal patrons of the Art Association, should be one of the parties present with us at the interview.

We accordingly met a few days afterwards at the office of Mr. Pillsbury. Mr. Stillman seemed much interested in our relation of the history of the association, and of its aims and wants. After a long and interesting interview, during which Mr. Stillman questioned us on many points, he stated that, as Mr. Pillsbury was already aware, he knew Mr. Searles was disposed to aid us, and that immediately on his return to New York he would present the facts ascertained at our interview. He further stated that he thought his task would be an easy one, more particularly as another associate of his firm, General Hubbard, was also a generous patron of the fine arts, and one whom he knew would be disposed to second his (Stillman's) efforts in recommending the matter to Mr. Searles' favorable consideration.

The best evidence of the generous and well-timed thoughtfulness of Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Stillman was the fact that, without any delay and within a few months after our interview, we were notified of Mr. Searles' determination not only to donate the Mark Hopkins residence to the San Francisco Art Association, but also to give twenty-five thousand dollars, to be paid in yearly installments of five thousand dollars, towards maintaining the establishment of the association in its new quarters. Since that time, in addition to these princely donations, Mr. Searles has remodeled the stables in rear of the house at an expense of over seven thousand dollars, for the especial accommodation of the different departments of the School of Design; besides contributing at least twenty-five thousand dollars more towards improvements to the building, and donations of costly pictures and rare and valuable books and prints, with which he is constantly enriching both the picture gallery and the library. More recently Mr. Searles has erected an exhibition room, adjoining the main building, at an expense of over thirty thousand dollars, and still continues his yearly contribution of five thousand dollars towards the maintenance of the institution.

A new era in the history of the San Francisco Art Association was commenced when we moved into the great Searles mansion. Mr. Horace G. Platt, attorney for Mr. Searles, was elected president (March, 1896). It was then, for the first time, evident that political methods were being adopted in the administration of the affairs of the association; and as time passed, Mr. Platt assumed all the prerogatives of a grand master, with scant deference to the directors. At the beginning of the trend towards this unfortunate state of affairs no decided stand was taken against Platt's arbitrary acts, as a majority of the directors feared that an open rupture with him would cause the withdrawal of Mr. Searles' contribution of five thousand dollars a year. But one day, becoming indignant at Mr. Platt's proceedings, I stated at a meeting of the board of directors that inasmuch as we, the directors, appeared to have no other function than merely to endorse the acts of the president, who planned and did everything without consulting us, we might as well resign and be relieved of our responsibility, and save the time spent in appearing as mere figureheads. At this sally Mr. Platt judiciously smiled, but made no reply. He continued, however, to make contracts involving the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars of Mr. Searles' money in the construction of the exhibition rooms adjoining the great building without requiring any competitive bids for the work; whereupon I resigned as director, yet retained my great interest in the prosperity of the institute.

The association has been singularly fortunate in the selection of its presidents, notably Mr. William Alvord, who, from its foundation, has spared neither time nor expense in contributing to its success; and he was never known to refuse assistance to an artist in trouble.

In 1891 Mr. Frederick Zeile accomplished a great deal for the success of the association through his energy in securing many new members and creating renewed interest and encouragement among the artists. His fine business qualifications prompted him to suggest means to save money and to make important additions to the bank account. In fact, no president of the association worked more faithfully or more successfully for its permanent prosperity; and I might add, no one more vigorously combated the selfish methods introduced into the management at the time of its advent into the palace on the hill, already referred to, than did Mr. Zeile.

Mr. James D. Phelan, another of our presidents, deserves the highest praise for his services during the long period he so ably presided over the councils of the association. His administration was characterized by a courteous, conciliatory disposition which contributed to the peace and good-will necessary to the success of any institution. His contribution of thousands of dollars to aid the School of Design, and also to aid individual students of the school in their struggle to maintain themselves, were, to my personal knowledge, munificent. Very few even of his intimate friends knew anything of the extent or importance of these gifts.

It may appear invidious to name so few of the presidents of the Art Association, for, with one or two exceptions, all of them were distinguished for their unselfish efforts, on all occasions, to ensure the association's permanent establishment and success. Equally worthy of mention were David P. Belknap, Alexander G. Hawes, Joseph D. Redding, Edward E. Potter, and Irving M. Scott—all having been prominent in their zeal and devotion to the interests of the association.

Mr. Arthur F. Mathews was appointed Director of the School of Design in December, 1889. In his childhood he evinced decided talent for drawing; studied architecture under his father; afterwards became a lithographer; then went to Paris, where he studied under Julien, Lefebvre, and Benjamin Constant. Mr. Mathews' conscientiousness and devotion to duty, together with his marked ability as a teacher, has made his administration as teacher successful. Two hundred students attend the school at the present time (1904), and enjoy all the advantages that any art school in the United States possesses; and we have often been assured by art leaders in Paris and elsewhere that no students from any part of the world are so well prepared for advanced studies in European schools as those who come from the San Francisco School of Design.

The association, at present under the presidency of Mr. Willis E. Davis, a gentleman of no mean attainments as an artist, is in a flourishing condition. The officials are working in harmony to promote its welfare, very much to their honor and to the great benefit of the city of San Francisco and to the State.

At about eight o'clock in the morning of the 21st of October, 1868, an earthquake shock visited San Francisco and was felt throughout the borders of the bay, filling the people with terror, and causing considerable loss of property. At Oakland, chimneys were thrown down, dwellings were badly wrecked, and the earth rent open in many places. Our family were seated at the breakfast table on Lombard street, when we became suddenly alarmed by a deep rumbling noise like a park of artillery going over the ground. Then came a terrific jar, and an undulating motion which set everything moving, swinging, or creaking. Glasses, dishes and decanters were shaken from the sideboard and thrown to the floor. We all rushed out into the street, where crowds of people could be seen, like ourselves, seeking safety in the open air, with horror and consternation depicted in their faces. Hurrying down town to my office I found everything there in the wildest disorder. Heavy printing presses and machinery had been moved bodily from where they had firmly stood. Piles of paper and binders board had toppled over; type was pied, and type cases were scattered about and mixed up in such confusion that the place could scarcely be recognized. Thirty or forty men and women were employed at our office at the time, but when I reached there at nine o'clock only two or three men were found. John Mitchell and David Coleman were the only ones remaining. The shock seemed to have shattered their nerves, and their pale, anxious faces indicated the terrible ordeal which they had undergone. At the first shock, Morrill, the foreman of the office, was by the side of Mitchell; confronting each other, and feeling that death was near, they grasped hands and bade each other farewell. At the same moment another severe shock was felt, when Morrill rushed for a bridge which connected the Commercial-street and Clay-street buildings; and still the shocks continued, while Morrill hesitatingly ran back and forth on the bridge, asking Mitchell which building he thought the safer. This predicament struck Mitchell as so ridiculous, that notwithstanding the terror of the situation he burst into a fit of laughter.

The walls of the building on Commercial street were thrown from six to twelve inches out of plumb. We could see the sky between the walls and edge of the roof, which merely held the beams and joists supporting the roof and floors. Only a few inches of the beam ends were precariously supported by the tottering walls. Piles of bricks which had fallen from the top of the fire-wall encumbered the book-binders benches. Slighter shocks kept recurring at short intervals. One at ten o'clock was so severe, however, that it caused a general stampede of all those who had returned to their posts and were busy endeavoring to put things in order. All now abandoned work, and did not return until the next morning.

A few hours after the great shock Captain Thomas, our landlord, rigged Spanish windlasses with heavy ropes fastened to both side-walls in order to bind them together and prevent their further separation. This device saved the building until permanent iron rods could be put in their place.

Two dead bodies were discovered under the débris of the coping and fire-walls which had fallen on them on Clay street, nearly opposite our office; and farther down the street, between Sansome and Battery, another body was found under similar circumstances.

A feverish state of excitement prevailed all over the city for many days after the earthquake. Not a house in San Francisco or Oakland escaped some visible traces of damage more or less severe; and there was not a brick or stone wall that was not rent from top to bottom. Many people were so frightened by the shocks that they were ill for days afterwards. The prevailing feeling was nausea, with loss of sleep and appetite.

Some were so situated that they saw and felt more of the earthquake than others. Mr. Perkins, the postmaster of San Francisco, described to me the next day his sensations and what he saw, being on the steps at the entrance of the postoffice when the shock occurred. He felt the undulating motion under his feet, which almost threw him down. Gaining his equilibrium, and casting his eyes towards Battery street, he saw toppling walls and clouds of dust arising in every direction. Horror-stricken, he thought every building in sight would be destroyed, and that his career on earth was ended. He soon recovered from his mortal terror, but felt so deathly sick that he immediately went home, and did not recover his normal condition of health for weeks afterwards. As soon as his health permitted, he arranged his business affairs and went back East, never to return to San Francisco. It was the same with a number of other prominent citizens. Captain J. B. Thomas, our landlord, who owned a large estate, hastily wound up his business affairs and returned to Boston. I might cite other cases of those who, owing to the fact that they saw more of the terrors of the earthquake than the ordinary observer, were so much more frightened. It was estimated that several millions loss was occasioned in the city and about San Francisco Bay; but the newspapers, with one accord, were very wise and prudent in making little account of the disasters, or no doubt many more people would have left the country.

Slight shocks recurred at intervals for several weeks after the great one, but strong enough to make everyone feel anxious and uncomfortable. However, in a short time everything was put in order by the masons, plasterers, carpenters and glaziers, who had plenty to do for months afterwards. For greater safety, many three-story buildings that were badly shattered, and some that might have been repaired, were taken down and reduced to two stories. Brick and stone buildings became unpopular and were avoided, and none were built for several years after the earthquake of 1868.

As time passed the fears and terrors of the earthquake were forgotten; but General Vallejo remarked to me one day: "They forget, but I do not; for I never come to San Francisco and feel safe when I pass by those tall brick buildings. I am never so happy as when I am about to leave the city, feeling that I have escaped the risk of a *temblor*. Some day one may come, only a little more severe than the one of 1868, when every tall building in the city will be destroyed, to say nothing of the loss of life which may ensue."

I have often thought how strange and incomprehensible it is that such a terrible visitation and its consequences should be almost forgotten in less than one generation. This is shown in the utter folly and recklessness of imitating New York, Chicago and other cities in building lofty structures such as are now being erected in our midst.

In April, 1872, the Bohemian Club of San Francisco was organized for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, music, and the drama, and also those who by reason of their love or appreciation of art might be deemed eligible. About twenty members constituted the membership when by-laws were adopted, and in May, 1872, the club was incorporated. Rooms were rented on Sacramento street, near Kearny.

The members were nearly all impecunious, and there was much difficulty in devising means to furnish the rooms and to defray current expenses. It was apparent that the possession of talent, without money, would not support the club; and at a meeting of the board of directors, consisting of Thomas Newcomb, Henry Edwards, Sands W. Forman, Arpad Haraszthy, David P. Belknap, Samuel M. Brooks, Alexander G. Hawes, J. C. Williamson, J. H. Sayre, and myself, it was decided that we should invite an element to join the club which the majority of the members held in contempt, namely, men who had money as well as brains, but who were not, strictly speaking, Bohemians. As soon as we began to act upon this determination the problem of our permanent success was solved.

Arpad Haraszthy, D. P. Belknap and Alexander G. Hawes were among the most efficient and constant in their earnest efforts in laying the foundation of the club's success. The Bohemians themselves, by their splendid efforts at the monthly "high jinks," soon made those entertainments memorable; so much so, indeed, that an invited guest seldom failed to esteem it a privilege to be elected to membership.

During 1874 much contention and bitter feeling was engendered among members through the admission of so many business and non-professional men. These, although to a certain degree Bohemian in spirit, were not in sympathy with the charter members. The latter were, almost to a man, thorough Bohemians, blissfully indifferent to the value of money.

The board of directors, under Thomas Newcomb's presidency, were entirely in sympathy with those members who lived by their wits and spent the money they earned, and all they could borrow, without a thought of paying their dues to the club. George Lettee, who was accountant of the German Savings & Loan Society, was put forward as the champion of reform in the business management. The indebtedness of the club had increased to such an extent that many members were convinced that bankruptcy must result unless all dues were paid. In consequence a general meeting was called under the leadership of Lettee. The president and board of directors were denounced as unfair in remitting the dues and obligations of certain members, and much bitter feeling was expressed. The Bohemians carried the day, however, and their opponents were outwitted and outvoted, to the great disappointment of Lettee. The opposition did much towards modifying "the profligate and unjust disposition," as it was termed, of the management of the directors, who were too much disposed to compromise or remit the obligations of those Bohemians who furnished the amusement and brilliant entertainment of the "jinks," while the fault-finders could only listen without contributing anything but their money.

Newcomb and most of the others in authority laughed and sneered at their detractors; but the gentle, kind-hearted Edwards, the popular actor, was so much distressed over the rebukes made and implied, and sympathized so much with all parties concerned, that he was in doubt which way to turn. Meeting me on the street one day, he said:

"What can we do? If we refuse to remit the dues of those Bohemians who can not or will not pay, we shall deprive the club of its chief glory; and if we continue to treat them generously, the club will soon be bankrupt." Continuing, with some heat, he said: "There is that infernal source of all the mischief, George Lettee! He is the worst of the lot. * * He has made us more trouble with his d—d reports and figures than all the rest of them put together. The fact is, between you and me, I have a great mind to tell him what I think of him the very next time we meet."

He had no sooner uttered the words, then we saw Lettee coming down the street. Recognizing him first, I had only time to whisper, "Speak of the devil"—when Edwards, with a dramatic flourish, suddenly turned towards the newcomer, and, to my utter astonishment, grasped both his hands in the most cordial manner, saying:

"My dear boy! God bless you! How are you? I am so heartily glad to meet you. Bosqui and I were just now discussing how admirably you were managing the financial affairs of the club."

Lettee, much pleased at Edwards' warm-hearted greeting, passed down the street, and we continued on our way. I was convulsed with laughter, which I could no longer restrain. Edwards, somewhat ashamed of his apparent insincerity, apologized by saying:

"Well, Bosqui, you are no doubt astonished that I should treat Lettee as I did, under the circumstances; but what's the use of adding to the bitter feeling which already exists?"

A few weeks later, when Edwards and a number of our friends were at the club telling stories, I had a fair opportunity to relate the incident of our meeting Lettee on Sacramento street, concluding with the remark that it was the best bit of acting I had ever seen off or on any stage. All present were greatly amused at the part Edwards enacted, which was so characteristic of him. He could, on occasions, make severe comments about others; but all were well aware that he could never be guilty of an unkind act. His only fault lay in attempting to please everyone without discrimination.

One time during the first year of the organization of the club, Thomas Newcomb suggested to me that it would add to the interest of the "high jinks" if we should devise an illustrated programme every month.

It being agreed that we would conjointly make the first one, and thereby incite some of the active members to follow our example, we set our wits to work, and the first programme was completed in time for the "jinks." It was considered a very amusing production, and all its legitimate merit belonged to Newcomb, who was one of the most entertaining and brilliant wits of the club.

For several succeeding months we made the programmes. Finally Tavernier was the first artist to take up the idea. He made a charming water-color drawing commemorative of the subject of the "jinks," "The Minnesingers" of Germany. From that time on water-color drawings and paintings illustrating the subject of the monthly "jinks" have been produced, resulting in the club's possession of a collection of original paintings and drawings, some of which are valuable as works of art, independent of their interest as commemorating events that have made the club famous the world over. Thus the insignificant efforts we made in the beginning have resulted in a very original and valuable collection of the work of all the best artists resident in California since 1873. These now adorn the walls of the rooms and offices of the club.

In 1873 was inaugurated at Sausalito the first "midsummer jinks." It was more of a picnic, or go-as-you-please affair, than anything else, but suggested and revealed possibilities of how delightful a summer outing might be made. Each succeeding "midsummer jinks" became more and more popular, and was looked forward to with delight.

The selection of a camp in the giant redwoods on Russian River was made by a committee, and artists were appointed to place everything in the best condition to receive the members on their arrival at the camp. The military band from the Presidio, usually accompanied by a number of army officers as guests, was in attendance on those occasions. The abundant feasts, calculated to satisfy the most fastidious gourmet; the fine music of the band; the magnificent dramatic effect produced at the "Burial of Care"; and the varied performances, both serious and comic, together with the weird and impressive surroundings in the midst of the redwood forest, were a combination that left a distinct, ineffaceable impression.

Within four years after the foundation of the club it included among its members all the most eminent men of the State. The general reunion once a month was a medley of wit and humor, music and song. It was the most congenial rendezvous of the artists, journalists, actors and musicians. Nevertheless, the name "Bohemian" seemed to convey to many of my friends an impression of something morally unsavory. Among those who were misled by this false impression was Benjamin P. Avery, who protested that it was not a respectable name, and declined to join the club. He afterwards acknowledged, however, that he would have become a member had he understood the club's true aim and character. So it was with many others, who, judging by its name, imagined, and indeed still think, it is an association for encouraging dissipation and idleness, drinking and gambling.

From the beginning the Bohemian Club has received and entertained in the most generous manner all strangers visiting San Francisco who were distinguished in literature, the drama, or in the fine arts, to such a degree that the club's fame for hospitality is known all over the globe. Many celebrated men have been so favorably impressed by their kindly, homelike reception that they have given to the club valuable mementoes in testimony of their sympathy and appreciation of the Bohemian's good fellowship.

Besides the pictures already referred to, the library of the club comprises an exceedingly valuable and rare collection of books—particularly those appertaining to music. It also possesses the most complete collection of books, pamphlets and manuscripts on California history, from the earliest date to the present time.

Altogether the Bohemian Club has accomplished directly and indirectly more than the casual observer would imagine for the fame and benefit of California, by impressing distinguished travelers with the fact that although situated at the confines of civilization, it possesses all the elements of culture and refinement.

Early in the second decade of the club Daniel O'Connell was appointed historiographer, and specially engaged to write its history. No member of the club was better qualified to perform the task of describing the interesting incidents in the club's history and the distinguished men connected with them. He commenced the work with enthusiasm, but as time passed such slow progress was made as to discourage those who thought they might live to see his work completed. When O'Connell died in 1899 many of his notes and some of the records of the club were lost or misplaced, and the opportunity of having a history written by a competent witness and actor in the proceedings of the club was lost, together with material that cannot be replaced.

Soon after the death of O'Connell Mr. Robert H.

Fletcher succeeded him as historiographer, and published an edition of six hundred copies of "The Annals of the Bohemian Club," in two pretentious volumes. These reflect only faintly the color and character of the remarkable entertainments which the early members of the club enjoyed during the first decade of its existence, when there were only a few members, comparatively speaking, and all were personally acquainted with one another.

During the past fifteen years hundreds have been admitted to membership, who have remained strangers to one another. This non-affiliation has so changed the character of the club as to be scarcely recognizable as the Bohemian Club of yore. Alas! most of the old members possessing more brains than money have crossed the border of the unseen land. Yearly a few of the old members meet at a commemorative dinner, which is termed "a meeting of the old guard"; but each year the guests are fewer, and very soon they will meet no more.

In July, 1877, trouble that had been long brewing through the lawlessness of the ignorant classes culminated in brutal attacks on defenseless Chinese. The assailants, when arrested, were in most instances released by the inferior courts. Emboldened by their immunity from punishment, they made it unsafe for a

Chinaman to appear on the public streets. Several Chinese laundries were burned, and threats were made to burn Chinatown. These continued threats and acts of violence so alarmed the citizens of San Francisco that a meeting was called at the Merchants Exchange, and I was one of the seven citizens selected to organize a protective association. William T. Coleman, who had been president of the Vigilance Committee in 1856, was chosen presiding officer of the new association; and, as formerly, he displayed the bold characteristics and ability to cope with the disorderly element we had to deal with.

Both the Federal and State authorities promptly responded to our request for aid, and within twenty-four hours the "Pensacola," Admiral Murray; the "Lackawana," Commodore Calhoun; and the tug "Monterey," were anchored off the city.

On July 25th we established our headquarters at Horticultural Hall, on Stockton street, near Post, where over six thousand people were enrolled within forty-eight hours, organized into companies, and drilled. Some few were supplied with firearms, but most were furnished with pick-handles. Before night an effective force was sent out under direct orders of the chief of police, which was afterwards known as the "Pick-Handle Brigade."

The night of the 25th was one of great excitement and peril. The executive committee was in session from early in the evening until after midnight. There was rioting, and threats of setting fire to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers and docks where the Chinese landed. Crowds congregated in the neighborhood, and lumber yards were set on fire. Firemen, policemen, and a detachment of about two thousand of our pick-handle brigade were hastily sent to disperse the rioters. The fighting lasted from eight o'clock to eleven o'clock. Three men were killed and many were wounded. By midnight quiet was restored, and the criminal element was surprised and overawed by the overwhelming force arrayed against them. In fact, they were so utterly demoralized that we had no further trouble with them until Dennis Kearney, a blatant Irishman, appeared upon the scene as the defender of the down-trodden laborer. His meetings were held at the City Hall and on the sand lots in the vicinity, on Sundays, where crowds would listen to his denunciation of monopolists, capitalists, and Chinese immigration, threatening death and destruction to the government and officials who did not care for the workingman. So much notoriety was given this vulgar demagogue by all the newspapers of the city publishing full reports of his anarchistic speeches that he was enabled to organize a Workingman's Trade and Labor Union, so called.

He became its leader, and repeated his prediction that San Francisco would meet the fate of Moscow if the workingmen received no aid from the "bloated, thieving capitalists."

The Workingman's Party being organized, Kearney announced that its object was to wrest the government from the control of the rich, to rid the country of the Chinese, and to elect only workingmen and their friends.

Kearney and four or five of his followers were arrested on the charge of inciting riot and terrorizing the city, but at the end of a few weeks were released from the county jail. Their discharge from custody was made the occasion of a grand demonstration by "sandlotters," or rabble, on November 29th. Banners, some of them red, were carried by the excited men, as they proudly marched along, acting as if they were commemorating a victory. Opinions varied as to the number of men in the procession, ranging from five to ten thousand—nearly all being idle vagrants, vagabonds and criminals.

Thus, for several months after the suppression of the first outbreak, the spirit of anarchy was still inflamed by the incendiary language of Kearney, Doctor O'Donnell, and their ilk.

In January, 1878, Kearney headed a procession of some fifteen hundred, and marched to the City Hall, demanding of Mayor A. J. Bryant work or bread. Kearney stated that he would no longer be responsible for what might happen if they were not provided for. They crossed over to the sand lots, where the agitator continued his tirade against "thieving millionaires," and incidentally proposed lynching the railroad magnates and destroying the Pacific Mail Steamship docks and steamers, which were doomed to be blown up and burned.

The newspapers about this time were warned by our association not to give any more extended reports of Kearney's proceedings, which they heeded; and in the meantime the State legislature passed drastic laws to suppress riotous meetings, and comparative peace and security were restored.

In 1883, through Samuel L. Theller, one of the administrators of the Pioche Estate, I became interested in the sale of a portion of the vast property which had been obtained by foreclosure of mortgage for money advanced to Don Juan Forster. This gave me the long-desired opportunity of visiting the southern part of the State.

Arriving at San Juan Capistrano, I became the guest of Judge Richard Eagan, who was one of those self-educated and original characters met with only on the Western frontier. He was an extensive reader and close observer; and being both generous and just, he wielded supreme influence over the thousand and more Indians and Mexicans who remained in the vicinity of the old Mission of San Juan Capistrano. A few weeks previous to my advent at San Juan, Madame Modjeska, the famous actress, had been Judge Eagan's guest. He had much to say concerning her rare accomplishments and charming disposition, and informed me that she was so delighted with the country and climate that she intended purchasing land in the immediate vicinity and make it her permanent home. This she did the following year.

The day after my arrival we visited the Tribuco Rancho, six miles northeast of San Juan, occupied by Don Louis d'Artigues, who had leased the property from the administrators of the Pioche Estate, together with thousands of acres adjoining, as a sheep-run. We were well entertained by Don Louis in the quaintly picturesque old ranch house, which was in a ruinous condition and surrounded by groves of great oak and sycamore trees. Its situation was very beautiful, and not devoid of romantic interest. It is said that early in the last century freebooters landed at the mouth of the San Juan and made an attack on the Mission. The inhabitants, taken by surprise, made little or no resistance, and hastily retreated to the Tribuco, where they rallied and in turn attacked the robbers and forced them to abandon most of their plunder before they could get it on board their vessel. Quite a number were killed in the fight.

Don Louis d'Artigues was an interesting, well educated man, about fifty years of age. He came to California after the Franco-Prussian war, in which he participated, having been present at the capitulation of Marshal Bazaine before Metz. He arrived in California without money, and obtained employment as collector for a wholesale butcher in San Francisco. He gave this up in 1878, however, finding that he could save nothing from his small income.

"How did it happen, Don Louis," I asked him one day, "that without any experience or knowledge of sheep raising, you should have adopted such a business?"

He replied: "I became discouraged at my prospects in San Francisco. I had no capital, and no profession but that of a soldier; and upon reflection I thought that if I selected this most docile of domestic animals to care for, and made it the exclusive business of my life, I might succeed. So I borrowed thirteen hundred dollars from a friend, who thought me foolish to undertake such an enterprise. I went to Los Angeles, and there purchased a flock of five hundred sheep, leased some pasturage, and started out alone, living in a small tent, and imitating as nearly as possible the Basque Frenchmen in the management of their flocks. By constant watchfulness, day and night, and never being absent from my flock, it was increased to double the number within a year. At the end of six months I was convinced that I knew fully as much about the care of sheep as any other shepherd. From the beginning my flocks were steadily increased and have been uniformly successful, and they now number over twenty thousand head."*

The day after our visit to Don Louis we started out early to see my old friend Richard O'Neil, who had quite recently taken possession of the Las Flores and Santa Marguerita Ranchos, purchased by him and James L. Flood conjointly. The property formerly belonged to Don Juan Forster, an English adventurer, who, in his youth, had married a sister of Don Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, and settled at Santa Margurita a long time before the discovery of gold.

In 1850 Don Juan Forster had become the possessor of several hundred thousand acres of the finest tillable and pasture lands in Los Angeles and San Diego counties, over which roamed his tens of thousands of cattle and sheep, from the seacoast to the mountain range overlooking the great Colorado desert.

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*In 1887 Don Louis d'Artigues sold his sheep, and returned to France with one hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars—all acquired by intelligent and devoted attention to his business.

Our road wound down the valley by the bluff at the mouth of the river, near the little cove described by Dana in his book "Three Years Before the Mast," the scene of his experience in taking aboard a cargo of hides. Thence we passed over a very rough country which had been suddenly changed by an earthquake, in 1812, from a level plain into a series of cone-shaped hills and deep barancas, from which issued hot water and smoke for many years afterwards. The same earthquake completely wrecked the Mission church, killing and burying in the ruins thirty-seven of the congregation who were attending mass, and seriously injuring many others. Passing over this disturbed region, we reached a plain about sixty feet above the sea, extending for miles inland and along the seaside, carpeted with bright-colored wild flowers. The plain and hillsides as far as eye could see were dotted with fat cattle contentedly grazing on the luxuriant grass.

We arrived at Santa Marguerita about noon, and were disappointed in not finding our friend O'Neil at home. The gates were closed and nobody could be seen about the place. Thanks to modern improvements, Santa Marguerita did not present the antiquated appearance it once possessed. It was evident that the property had passed into the hands of those who proposed to make it a paying investment, substituting money-making, up-to-date methods for the old-fashioned, sentimental ideas which formerly prevailed. There would be no more fiestas, barbecues, fandangoes and vaqueros' reunions at their rodeos. The old chief and his tribe, born on the place, would have no more semblance of an inheritance, with no stone or tree to call their own. Heretofore, all the Indians on the estate had been treated as the nominal retainers of their old padrone, Don Juan, and he had cared for them as his children; but he had passed away long since. Now the old chief and his tribe had to work by contract; and at the completion of their work they were in luck if the bill for their board did not amount to more than the contract price for their work. On a recent occasion the old chief and his men were deprived of their horses and saddles in order, I was informed, to supply the balance of their board bill at the completion of their labor contract. The confidence, docile disposition, indolence and improvidence of the California Indians were something incredible; and they could eat more food and drink more whiskey than they could earn under the new management at Santa Marguerita.

We rode back to the Mission the same day. During the evening our Bohemian friend, Paul Ferenzeny, who had spent the previous summer sketching and painting at Santa Marguerita, was made the subject of discussion, and some amusing accounts were given of his escapades while a guest of Don Juan.

Ferenzeny had been a fellow student of Jules Tavernier and Adrien Moreau in the Quartier Latin at Paris. Neither of the others attained the distinction of Moreau, but nevertheless they were the most clever artists who ever visited California. Ferenzeny was equally clever with pen and pencil, and was one of the most original and brilliant conversationalists of the Bohemian Club. He only lacked persistent effort and industry to have made him famous as a writer or painter. He planned to have me publish the sketches he had made at Santa Marguerita, but unfortunately he neglected the work, and nothing came of it. It would have been a valuable contribution, illustrative of the life and customs of the primitive rancheros, who are fast passing away.

Late in the evening Judge Eagan became much troubled over the fact that he had misplaced, somewhere in the house, a bag containing eight hundred dollars in gold coin, which had been deposited with him for safe keeping. He soon found it intact on his bureau, covered by loose papers, and assured us that although he never locked the doors of his house, and the Mexicans and Indians were in the habit of passing in and out at all times of the day without the least restraint,, he had never lost anything during his long residence at San Juan.

It was a strange fact that the Indians and Mexicans all but worshipped the Judge. They seemed to have a superstitious notion of his superiority and greatness, and regarded him as their friend and protector. All their quarrels and troubles were promptly brought to him for settlement, and his decisions were regarded as final and were invariably satisfactory. Their confidence in him was unlimited. The manifestations of their childlike belief in his paternal disposition was pathetic, and furnished the proof of the remarkable power he wielded over this community of half-breeds and Indians, and was also the best evidence of the intrinsic worth and nobility of the man's character.

Another remarkable fact was that Judge Eagan's personal appearance gave no indication of his ability to influence and control such a community. In repose, his countenance was devoid of animation. He was careless in his dress and personal appearance, and he was the last man an ordinary observer would select as being born to control or command. Yet, upon better acquaintance, one felt there was an undercurrent of common sense and sincerity which went far to command one's confidence and respect.

Very soon again I had occasion to visit Los Angeles in order to report upon some property belonging to Don Mateo Keller, who was one of the most enterprising of the early settlers in that part of the State.

"Don Mateo," as he was familiarily called, was a native of Dublin, and a graduate of an Irish college. His was the restless, adventurous disposition common to his race. He shipped as a sailor before the mast, and soon afterwards found his way to California, where his untiring energy and marked ability won recognition. His genial disposition to affiliate with almost everyone with whom he came in contact ensured his popularity and success, particularly with the native Californians.

Keller possessed considerable literary ability, and was in correspondence with some of the best authorities on agriculture, and more particularly on the subject of viticulture. He was among the first to develop and encourage the planting of grape vines on an extensive scale in California, and he also planted large orange and lemon orchards. He received the first premium offered by the State of California for the successful demonstration of the fact that cotton could be produced in the State. Subsequently he became a recognized authority and prominent leader in the development of the great wine industry of California.

When I became acquainted with Don Mateo he had passed his prime, but still retained the appearance of a man of unusual physical strength, and presented a striking appearance. His conversation was peculiarly interesting and instructive, illustrated by apt anecdotes inimitably told.

On my arrival at Los Angeles it was arranged that I should accompany Don Mateo to visit his rancho at Point Dumé, about thirty-two miles west of the town. The property comprised thirteen thousand acres, with a frontage on the seacoast of about nineteen miles, and extending inland to the crest of a low range of hills, with Point Dumé jutting out into the sea at about the center of the tract. At daybreak we started out in a two-horse wagon laden with tent and provisions, driven by one of Don Mateo's tenants. As we drove rapidly over the road to Santa Monica we observed activity and thrift displayed on every side. Buildings were being constructed, and lots and farms improved; an era of active prosperity had arrived. Don Mateo pointed out many tracts of land rated at fifty dollars an acre, which had but recently been used as sheep pasture and had sold at the rate of fifty cents to one dollar per acre.

After passing Santa Monica we descended into a cañon much frequented as a picnic ground by excursionists from Los Angeles; then following the seacoast along the beach we reached the southern boundary of Don Mateo's land, whose hills, he asserted, would in time be covered with grape vines and olive trees rivaling in quality the famous Côte d'Or of France.

Our tent was pitched amidst the ruins of the old ranch-house on the seashore. Provisions were unpacked, and we enjoyed a delightful repast as the sun was setting in a blaze of glory behind the island of Anacapa. We greatly enjoyed the pleasure of breathing the balmy air and listening to Don Mateo's accounts of his life and adventures in California; and were finally lulled to sleep by the gentle surf as it broke on the sands of the beach near by.

The next morning, after an early bath in the surf and a delicious breakfast of fish fresh from the sea, we started on a tour of observation. As we rode over the rancho Don Mateo pointed out the many places which could be improved and developed at small cost, stating that if he had the capital or credit he would induce a colony of Italians to settle on the place, and through their industry and aptitude for extensive farming make it one of the most productive ranchos in California. The congenial climate, and the abundance of fish at all seasons, were also factors favorable to the colonization scheme.

Unfortunately, Don Mateo was very much in debt about this time, having more land than ready money. His obligations soon became so pressing that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. At a critical time his friend I. W. Hellman, the Los Angeles banker, came to his relief and saved him from financial ruin. Keller died a few years later. Mr. Hellman was appointed executor of his estate, and managed it with such care and fidelity that Keller's children, a boy and two girls, were amply provided for; and when the estate was turned over to them some five years later, I was informed that it was valued at over five hundred thousand dollars, and free from debt.

Early in the eighty's, having been appointed by the probate court one of the appraisers of the estate of Captain John Bradbury, situated in Los Angeles and San Diego counties, I again had the opportunity of seeing Southern California from the sea to the Cuyamaca Range overlooking the desert. Our route was through the great ranchos of Santa Ysabel, Warner's, Aguas Caliente, San Pedro and the Julian mining camps. The scenery at Julian and amidst the higher range of the Cuyamaca Mountains is remarkably like that of the Green Mountains of Vermont. The country was sparsely settled, but we saw some beautiful little valleys embosomed in the mountains, partly fenced in and planted with fruit trees, mostly apple, which thrive in this region and attain a perfection in flavor and size beyond any grown elsewhere in California. Half-way between the mountains and San Diego were small plantations of olive, fig, orange and lemon trees growing luxuriantly and just coming into bearing. The region lying northeast and east of San Diego to the border of the desert is exceedingly beautiful, and the climate is unsurpassed by any in the world, and but for the scarcity of water would be a paradise on earth.

The interest awakened in my mind by what I had seen and learned of the country in my previous visits led me to accept an offer made by Mrs. Burton, widow of Colonel Burton, U. S. A., to examine and report upon a thirty-league grant of land in Lower California, including the site of the town of Ensenada, fronting the bay of Todos Santos fifteen miles, and extending back thirty-five miles to the summit of the mountains adjoining the valley of San Rafael.

Professor George Davidson took special interest in furnishing maps and information, which made me quite independent of any guide over a region little known by the present generation. The Professor also procured from his library some Spanish journals of the early missionaries describing the establishment of all the early Missions of Lower California. This information, gleaned from the best source, gave especial interest and a glow of romance to the undertaking.

I took passage on the steamer "Newbern," and in forty-eight hours after leaving San Francisco arrived at Ensenada. On stepping ashore I was surrounded by a crowd of Mexicans, most of whom I had met on my former visit, who received me with open arms. The next day I secured a fine saddle-horse from the son of my friend General Mariano Vallejo, who insisted that I should accept the loan of his rifle and pistols. I declined to accept them, however, stating that I was confident no Mexican would illtreat a peaceful traveler. Much to his surprise, I started out without arms or a guide. During my five days' journey over trail and highway no habitations nor people were seen at more frequent intervals than ten or twenty miles; but when I chanced to meet the natives they invariably treated me as an old friend or acquaintance.

The result of a careful examination of this property proved unsatisfactory. No running streams existed anywhere excepting during three or four months in the year, and comparatively few strong springs. Two-thirds of the land could have been made productive only by irrigation, involving great expense. Mrs. Burton thanked me profusely for my pains, and I congratulated myself on having had the pleasure of exploring so interesting a country, which I have since frequently visited for rest and to enjoy its unrivaled climate.

On my next visit to Lower California, in 1885, I found conditions changed. A colonization company had been formed, based on a concession from the Mexican Government to the International Company of Mexico of over half the peninsula. Edgar F. Wells, brother of the ex-secretary of President Lincoln's cabinet, and George W. Sisson, were the managers of the company.

The opportunity seeming favorable, I purchased from this company the Santa Rosa Rancho, comprising twenty-five thousand acres of land situated on the coast, twenty-five miles north of Ensenada, in latitude 31°. A small cove (Sal Si Puedes) and promontory sheltered by great beds of kelp made it a fair roadstead. I was the first purchaser of land from the company. Mr. James Angus, cashier of the Nevada Bank, soon afterwards became my associate in the purchase. As we were both well known in San Francisco, the managers of the International Company of Mexico rated us as being disposed, like themselves, to make money honestly if we could, but to make it anyway. When they found that they could not make us pliant tools to assist them in their booming schemes, and that we would not endorse their false devices and dishonest methods, they determined to cheat us out of our claims to the Santa Rosa Rancho. But in the end we enforced a recognition of our rights after a bitter contention.

In 1886 the booming schemes of the International Company of Mexico were in full blast. Their colonization offices were opened in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities. Advertising literature was distributed broadcast over the country, producing a harvest of thousands of dollars for the crafty promoters. Some poor dupes never saw the land they had paid for; and most of it was worthless from lack of water. However, a few practical men who knew the country and who purchased land at the beginning of the boom were not deceived. Mr. Charles Bennett, a typical frontiersman, full of enterprise and daring, selected a tract of three thousand acres in the Manadero, ten miles southeast of Ensenada, where he immediately planted vines and fruit trees of the choicest varieties over an area of five hundred acres. Furthermore, within two years he expended over fifty thousand dollars in the agricultural development of the land and in erecting a flour mill. Abundant rains during several successive years contributed to the production of large wheat crops, which brought rich returns. In the meantime the orchards were thriving exceedingly well, and a cannery was built to handle their enormous harvests. The canned fruit found a ready market at Mazatlan, Guaymas and other points along the Mexican coast.

The International Company of Mexico was indebted for its temporary success very largely to Mr. Bennett. His extensive plantations of corn and wheat, fine vineyards and orchards, and his flour mill, waterworks and electric plant, lured many others to imitate his example. Ensenada soon grew from a hamlet of two hundred souls into a town of twenty-five hundred population, with many strangers wildly purchasing lands, mines and fisheries. The excitement of the passing crowd of adventurers reminded one of San Francisco in 1850. A brewery, tannery and an extensive woollen mill were established. The latter thrived for several years under special tariff privileges granted by the Mexican Government; but when a jealous rival complained of this discrimination, the government withdrew its fostering hand and the enterprise failed. The fine plant, costing many thousands of dollars, stands idle to this day. The government's action in this case was not unusual, as I discovered later, to my great disappointment.*

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*In 1891, through the representations of Edgar B. Bronson, President of the First National Bank of El Paso, I was induced, with some friends, to purchase the bank's interest in a soap factory at Samalyuca, Chihuahua, thirty-five miles south of El Paso. We invested over $130,000 in the enterprise, which should have been profitable. Unfortunately for us, our only rival in all Mexico, whose factory was at Torreon, became alarmed at our pros-

Many men of note were attracted to Ensenada, among whom was Colonel W. S. Oliver, a veteran of the Civil War, and one of General Grant's trusted captains, who had distinguished himself for his gallantry at Fort Donaldson and Vicksburg. The Colonel was one of the most enthusiastic in his faith in the future importance of Ensenada as an unrivaled world resort. He purchased one thousand acres of land at Punta Banda, with the intention of building a hotel to accommodate a thousand guests. A leading hotel proprietor from Salt Lake City was the direct promoter of the project. A great pier was constructed, extending a thousand feet into the ocean, that freight and building material might be conveniently landed in front of the hotel site. Work was prosecuted with energy, but when the project was well under way a dispute arose with the constructing contractors, and this, together with lack of funds, caused the abandonment of the enterprise.*

pective success and obtained by political influence an advance in the duty on cottonseed oil from two to twenty cents per gallon, which ruined our enterprise.

*At the commencement of the work on the hotel project Colonel Oliver, with his devoted wife and daughter, hospitably entertained a crowd of congenial spirits under a large circus tent erected on the site of his proposed hotel, commanding a magnificent view of the bay of Todos Santos. He would recount by the hour thrilling tales of the war, in many of which he was the hero, and in all he

Sunday, March 14, 1897, at two o'clock in the afternoon, while reading in the southeast corner room of our home in Ross Valley, I noticed thin wreaths of smoke rising from beneath the veranda. Hastily entering the hall, I felt heated air in my face and realized that the house was on fire. Looking towards the stairway, I saw smoke and the light of the flames, and shouted to my wife and daughter Laura to hasten out of the house. Taking in my arms my two-year-old grand-daughter, Helen Spinney, who stood by the side of her terrified grandmother, I got out on the roof of the veranda. Smoke was now issuing from doors and windows. Rushing back and forth in my helplessness, and painfully anxious for the safety of my wife and daughter, who were tardy in following me, I determined to reënter the house and save them or share their fate, when, to my relief, they appeared, coming out of the window. We descended to the ground by means of a frail trellis, which we momentarily expected would be crushed by our weight. In the meantime the fire had enveloped the whole upper story; and had our escape been delayed a few moments longer, we must

shone forth as a charming *raconteur*. The Colonel, though disappointed in not realizing his ambition to see Ensenada a flourishing city, loyally stood by his earlier convictions to the end. He died at Ensenada, August, 1894.

certainly have perished. As it was, we suffered from severe bruises, and my hair and eyebrows were singed. Five minutes later the whole house was a raging furnace. The flames rose to a great height and swept through the tall pine trees, destroying everything they reached. Half dazed, we retreated to our little cottage two hundred yards away, where we sadly watched the flames devour our household treasures by which we had been so happily surrounded for many years. Prominent among the pictures destroyed was a collection of paintings and sketches by every artist of note who had visited California, comprising three to five examples of the work of Hill, Keith, Williams, Rix, Rosenthal, and other California artists, by which could be noted the progress from their early efforts in the fifties and sixties to the later period of their careers. Lost, too, were old family portraits and papers, many rare books and prints, a number of bronzes of Barye, and some rare Chinese bronzes—all prized beyond their intrinsic value, for the collection was the gleaning of more than forty years, and to secure which I had made many personal sacrifices.

Sorrowfully surveying the ruins, we were forceably impressed by the narrowness of our escape, and a feeling of gratitude for our deliverance reconciled us to the loss of the treasures we had held so dear; but for a long time my wife appeared as if in a nightmare, and would in a dreamlike way recall the events of the fire which had deprived her of so many objects dear to her heart.

Only eighty-three years before my advent in California the great Bay of San Francisco had been discovered, notwithstanding many exploring expeditions had passed and repassed the Golden Gate; and contemplating the prodigious strides civilization and commerce have made in this comparatively new country, one is led to regard as almost miraculous the combination of favorable circumstances that have produced results of such magnitude.

It has been my rare privilege to have witnessed the stirring events which have conspired to create almost an empire—all within the space of one short life; and I have been personally acquainted with the chief actors in the grand drama that changed a vast country whose solitude was broken only by Indians and wild beasts into a prosperous community of several million souls, possessing all the advantages of the highest civilization.

My friend General Lucius Harwood Foote, in his beautiful poem, "California," conveys an ideal and true picture of the present and prospective greatness of the State:

CALIFORNIA.

In all methinks I see the counterpart
Of Italy, without her dower of art.
We have the lordly Alps, the fir-fringed hills,
The green and golden valleys veined with rills,
A dead Vesuvius with its smouldering fire,
    A tawny Tiber sweeping to the sea.
Our seasons have the same superb attire,
    The same redundant wealth of flower and tree,
Upon our peaks the same imperial dyes,
    And day by day, serenely over all,
The same successive months of smiling skies.
    Conceive a cross, a tower, a convent wall,
A broken column and a fallen fane,
A chain of crumbling arches down the plain,
    A group of brown-faced children by a stream,
A scarlet-skirted maiden standing near,
A monk, a beggar, and a muleteer,
    And lo, it is no longer now a dream.
These are the Alps, and there the Apennines;
    The fertile plains of Lombardy between;
Beyond, Val d'Arno with its flocks and vines,
These granite crags are gray monastic shrines
Perched on the cliffs like old dismantled forts;
    And far to seaward can be dimly seen
The marble splendor of Venetian courts;
While one can all but hear the mournful rhythmic beat
Of white-lipped waves along the sea-paved street.
    O childless mother of dead empires, we,
The latest born of all the western lands,
In fancied kinship stretch our infant hands
    Across the intervening seas to thee.
Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn,
    Yet we shall have our names to canonize,
    Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,
Our ruins, when this restless age is gone.

On November 14, 1900, my wife, her sister (Mrs. Charles D. Haven) and myself left San Francisco on a long-meditated tour through Mexico.

We arrived at Los Angeles at ten o'clock the following morning, and as we were not to leave before the afternoon we had ample time to make a tour of that charming city. My first visit there was in 1883. The city then contained only 8,000 inhabitants, and land in its immediate vicinity was selling at the rate of fifty cents an acre, which now sells readily at from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. Los Angeles has now a population of one hundred and twenty thousand. Unlike most towns, where the lots are small and cover a comparatively small area, here they cover a vast territory, and electric cars run in every direction for many miles from the center of the city. Fine residences and cottages, with frontages of fifty to one hundred feet, surrounded by palm trees, roses and beautiful vines, give the stranger a favorable impression of the refinement and comfort of its inhabitants.

No incident occurred on our way through Arizona, and in due time we arrived at El Paso. We crossed the dry bed of the Rio Grande del Norte the next morning, where we had the opportunity of seeing the old parish church, erected in 1575—forty-five years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. It was then, as it actually has been during the past fifty years, in the very midst of the most treacherous and bloodthirsty tribe of Indians on the American continent. Many a siege it has stood; and if but one-half of the wonderful accounts of the tragic events which have occurred here and along the great trails of Chihuahua, El Paso and Santa Fé were related, its bloody record would surpass in interest the most thrilling romance.

At El Paso we were transferred from the Southern Pacific Railroad to the Mexican Central, which runs almost due south 1,224 miles to the City of Mexico, passing over desert country, not unlike that of Arizona, until we reached Torreon, which is surrounded by extensive cotton and corn fields, and is the center of a number of branch railroads. Here are several cotton mills, the most important one being owned by a French company. Altogether, Torreon is one of the most modern and flourishing towns on the way to the City of Mexico. The Mexican International Railroad extends from here to Durango, some 155 miles distant. In 1850 I was the youngest of a party of six on our tedious journey to California. We passed within a few miles of the present town of Torreon, which did not exist at that time—for all this country, now the scene of so much business enterprise, was then a barren desert, infested by roaming bands of Comanche and Lipan Indians, who made forays in every direction up to the gates of the City of Durango.

Early in the morning, before reaching the City of Mexico, we passed through the towns of Selao, Irapuato, Salamanca, Celaya and Querétaro. At the latter place we had pointed out to us the Cerro de las Campañas, in the western limits of the city, where Maximilian was executed June 19th, 1867, and with him Generals Miramon and Mejia.

Leaving the city of Querétaro, going south we pass under an aqueduct nearly five miles long. The tallest arch is nearly one hundred feet high. The water comes from the mountains and is distributed throughout the city. Querétaro is the market-place for opals. Crowds of natives met us at the station with a supply of opals, most of which were not worth much. Many a purchaser, deceived by the brilliant colors and beauty of the stones, finds too late that he has paid a big price for an opal with a flaw which makes it comparatively worthless.

As we approached the City of Mexico towns and villages became more frequent, and in their midst stately churches appeared which were erected long before the settlement of the French and English in America.

A description of one town in the valley of Mexico would answer for hundreds of other towns: an imposing church with its gray towers, its façade surmounted by a cross, the whole structure most often ruinous and surrounded by rows of low adobe buildings without the least architectural pretension, but often quite picturesque.

Just before we arrived at the City of Mexico we passed the town of Tula, which in times past was the center of the Toltec empire, where the ruins of the oldest capital of the continent lie half buried in the sands blown over them in the twelve hundred years since their erection. It was founded about the year 638. The place was a place of reeds, and they called it the City of Tula. In these days the ancient capital is a little railway-junction village; a beautiful one it is, with antiquity older than our oldest walls. At the station, where we stopped at sunset, I engaged in conversation with a very well dressed, respectable-looking native Mexican, who pointed out to me the ruins of the Church of San José, which was founded in 1553. His comments on the great antiquity of the town and the ruins of the ancient temples of the Toltecs, called the Casas Grandes, and other extensive ruins on a hill just beyond the river a mile away, were most impressive. As we parted from our new acquaintance he cordially shook hands with us and bade me "Adios Cabaliero" with the grace and dignity of a true knight.

We arrived at the City of Mexico late in the evening of the 19th of November. All the first-class hotels were full to overflowing and we had to content ourselves with shelter in the old palace of ex-President Comerford, now converted into a second-class hotel. We remained there over night and then went to the Hopkins House, formerly a convent attached to the Church of San Juan Lateran, confiscated by the Government, and now turned into a boarding-house with over one hundred apartments.

I left San Francisco with a bad cold, to which I unfortunately had added every day, and now found myself seriously ill. Mrs. Harris, our hostess, proved a veritable Job's comforter by telling my wife that the altitude and climate of the City of Mexico were almost fatal to any one with a bad cold, and that she thought if we remained another day in the city I would probably have congestion of the lungs. She urgently advised our going on the next train to Cuatla, 130 miles south and 3,000 feet below the altitude of the City of Mexico, where we would find a warm, delightful climate and be cured of any cold in a few days.

We lost no time in following our hostess' advice, and at four o'clock the same day were on our way south to Cuatla. The road passes alongside of La Vega Canal and Lake Texcoco, where myriads of ducks were moving over its placid surface. On the distant hills and headlands near the lake were to be seen old churches surrounded by Indian villages, giving a peculiar interest to the lovely scenery. It was near sunset when we commenced ascending the high range over which the road passes at the foot of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl ("the Woman in White"). These great volcanic peaks, standing out in bold relief against the deep purple sky, capped with eternal snow, make a memorable picture.

On our way we passed Ameca and the Holy Mountain, which latter is held in so much reverence and is visited during Holy Week by thousands of pilgrims. After going over the mountain range ten thousand feet above the sea level the descent is a very rapid one to Cuatla, where we arrived in the evening. At the station we were met by the proprietor of the Hotel Morellos, a genial old Frenchman, who, with his wife, did everything they could to make us comfortable.

We were at once impressed by the tropical beauty of the place; and in the morning, as the sun shone over the beautiful landscape, I felt that the warm, balmy air was curing me. The patio or court of our hotel was filled with flowers, with a fountain in the center. Flowers had climbed to the upper galleries and almost hid them with a bank of blossoms blending in a perfect harmony of color. Birds were hidden in the dense foliage, and made the air vocal with their twittering and singing.

Adjoining the hotel is the Church of Santiago, founded in 1605, which, like most all the churches we saw, is massive and impressive. I spent hours, morning and evening, in admiring contemplation of its time-stained walls and the beautiful colors with which nature has adorned its venerable exterior.

The Church of San Diego, completed in 1700, is a noble structure, with the coat-of-arms or heraldic devices, the insignia of its aristocratic founders, finely carved in relief in the stone over the façade and on each side of the entrances to the church. It is now, alas, occupied by the Interoceanic Railway. This rare old edifice, once dedicated to Christian worship, has thus been degraded to commercial uses; so that instead of processions of reverent worshippers, the public in a bustling crowd pass through its venerable portals. Its altars have been desecrated and stripped of their rich carvings, which have been scattered abroad, no one knows whither. The towers and bells are still there, and it may be that the confessional is the ticket office and one of the altars a desk for way-bills! The nave we know is a storeroom for freight, and now the locomotive whistle shrieks where once reigned the stillness of the convent garden.

One of our amusements was a drive to the sulphur baths, two miles from the town, near the ancient stone bridge over the Rio Xuchitengo. Everywhere there is an abundance of water. The river with its rapids and cascades gives the scene along its course an animated appearance, while its clear waters invite the fisherman. The United States Government recently presented to Mexico a quantity of trout to stock the river, in which they thrive; but I was informed that the fish do not furnish much sport to the angler, as they do not rise to the fly. They are caught in nets, however, and furnish excellent food in the winter months.

The great spring or fountain which supplies the immense quantity of water for the bath also is the source of a considerable river. It comes in a great volume out of the side of a steep hill which has been carefully walled up by solid masonry, parallel to which another wall of masonry forms a dam, over which the water flows in a noisy cascade. The entrance to the bath is over a rustic bridge. Then one descends a flight of stone steps and stands facing a large pool of seething, bubbling, clear water, strongly impregnated with sulphur and carbonic acid gas. As you look down into the seething pool, you are seized with the dread of being carried over the dam by the rapid flow, but you soon gain confidence and safely enter the water and enjoy one of the most luxurious baths imaginable.

While we remained at Cuatla we never failed to go to this delightful bathing place as often as we could, for the road leading there was very beautiful, diversified by the tropical luxuriance of the little gardens of the natives, with the grand mountains of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl dominating the splendid scene, which remains about the same as when Cortez and his followers beheld it almost four hundred years ago.

One afternoon we took a long walk in the outskirts of the town, finally emerging into shady lanes hedged with cactus, behind which were thatched huts made of reeds and almost hidden by orange and lemon trees. Here were banana trees, trailing vines and bowers covered with brilliant flowers, all growing in such profusion that one could not wonder at the contented appearance of the natives.

Sugar cane is extensively cultivated here. The great hacienda of Santa Ynez lies three miles west of Cuatla, and yields a princely income. There are also several others of minor importance. Much coffee is produced in this neighborhood, but it is of inferior quality.

At the end of five days, having quite recovered our strength, it was with regret that we bade farewell to our amiable host and hostess of the Hotel Morellos and proceeded to the City of Mexico, where we expected a favorable change in the weather, which was cold and rainy when we left. The railroad from Cuatla rises gradually from 5,000 feet to 10,000 feet, when it reaches the summit overlooking the valley of Mexico. For a distance of twenty or thirty miles along the road we passed numerous little villages, each dominated by its church, more or less dignified by its situation or age. The land all the way to the summit of the mountains was in a good state of cultivation. We saw fine fields of wheat and barley, corn and tobacco. The flowers on the mountain sides grew luxuriantly, many similar to those of California, such as different kinds of lupines, columbines, golden rod, etc. Also the different species of oak, manzanita, madrone and pines looked very familiar as we passed rapidly over the mountains and down into the valley of Mexico. Stopping again at Ameca, we had another very fine view of the great volcanic peaks looming in the clear sky. As we approached the city it began to rain and was as cold and dismal as the worst winter weather we ever experienced in California, so that after remaining two days at the Hotel Londres, near the Church of San Augustin, vainly hoping for a change, we decided to go to Cuernavaca and get into a climate similar to that of Cuatla.

'We left the city at 8 o'clock in the morning, and notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, we enjoyed the magnificent scenery as we rapidly ascended the mountains, passing through the grounds of Molino del Rey, the Mexican Government's Arm Factory, in the vicinity of which the battle with the United States troops took place in 1847. Farther up the road we passed the "Lomas de Padrena," the scene of another engagement in the same war. Near the track is a monument erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell in that battle. In making the grading of the railroad some pieces of uniforms of both armies were found. We also passed by Contreras, where another battle was fought and where is the oldest factory of cotton goods established in the valley of Mexico. A little farther on the road traverses a district thickly covered with volcanic rock cast up by the volcano of Ajusco, which was in active eruption during Humboldt's visit to Mexico at the beginning of the last century. Still farther on may be seen the valley of Mexico *in extenso*, the lakes of Texcoes, Chales and Xochmulco, all the small towns of the valley and the great volcanoes with their snow-capped peaks. The road continues ascending to La Cima, the summit, at an elevation of 9,895 feet above the sea. From La Cima to Cuernavaca, in a straight line, is only thirteen miles, but it is thirty-eight miles by the mountainous road. The ride down to Cuernavaca is a succession of delightful views, impossible to describe, and once seen ever to be remembered.

Near San Juanico, about half-way down the mountain, there are some very high stone hills, in the highest of which are a cluster of ruins called the "Gran Tepoxteco." These are remarkable on account of the difficulties the Indians must have had to take up the materials to such a height, about 600 feet vertical. A few idols are still to be seen there, but access to the summit is said to be very difficult.

On arrival at Cuernavaca we took up our quarters at the Hotel San Pedro, where we secured delightful rooms commanding views of the plaza and mountains in the distance. As we viewed the country from the balcony of the hotel and breathed the delicious, balmy air of Cuernavaca, we thought it no wonder that Cortez, the Marquis of the valley, should have selected the place as his home. Here he lived during many of the later years of his life. The palace he built still stands as when he occupied it, commanding the same glorious view which the great conquestador and his grim followers beheld three hundred and seventy-five years ago. The cathedral also stands which he built and where he worshipped. In one of the towers one observes the clock which Charles V presented and which still faithfully records the passing time.

The hacienda of Cortez, three miles distant from the town, we visited late one afternoon. The road passing by the castle is the most picturesque imaginable, with lanes at intervals merging into it, presenting scenes of ideal beauty, with the native huts half hidden by banana groves and gorgeous colored tropical vines and trees. Prominent among them all was the great scarlet pascal flower, rearing its royal form and brilliant color in proud distinction over its surrounding rivals. Strikingly beautiful as it appears in the patios of the rich, this flower never seems to me so lovely as when growing in the little gardens of the poor Indians along the wayside.

Arrived at the hacienda of Cortez, we passed through the great arched portals and entered a vast quadrangular court. On the south side was the massive structure built by Cortez in 1529. On the east side were modern additions and modern machinery for crushing sugar cane and manufacturing sugar. The walls of the old structure are exceedingly thick and the storerooms are all vaulted and the superstructures are supported by immense pillars and vaulted arches of solid stone masonry that might stand until doomsday.

The impression is that of a thoroughly fortified place or a gloomy prison. The peons employed on such an estate receive from twenty to fifty cents a day. They are apparently happy and contented, although miserably poor. I was informed that they are usually in debt to the estate to which they are attached. In this condition of semi-slavery they live from generation to generation. Cortez willed this rich hacienda to the Hospital de Nazareno Jesus, which he also founded in the City of Mexico, and all of its revenues for over three centuries have gone to the maintenance of this charity. Notwithstanding the changes and revolutions which have taken place during that long interval of time, the revenues of this estate have never been diverted from the beneficiary of the will of Cortez. Half way to the hacienda and west of the baranca is the beautiful chapel of San Pablo, where lie many of the followers of Cortez. During the Empire, Cuernavaca was the summer capital and the Emperor Maximilian had a pretty little house and garden on the road beyond the little Church of San Pablo. But it was at the Jardin de la Borda where he and Carlotta spent most of their time.

Our visit to the Indian village of San Antonio was exceedingly interesting. There is only one street or very narrow crooked lane, which runs about two miles along a ridge. On both sides of the lane all the houses and huts of the village front, and they are shaded by orange, lemon, banana, aguardcarta, mango and other fruit trees, with the most picturesque patios filled with beautiful flowers, and vines drooping with festoons of blossoms of every hue. At almost every door-yard could be seen one or two Indians busily engaged modelling pottery, mostly water jars and cooking vessels, and preparing crude ovens to bake them in. The groups of half-naked children inquisitively watching their parents at work added greatly to the novelty of the scene. All seemed to breathe a spirit of contentment. When we addressed the natives they politely replied. At intervals along the lane were niches in the walls in which there was an effigy of a saint or of the Virgin, with some scriptural quotation. The inevitable church, venerable and stained by time with colors more beautiful than any artist could paint, exists also in the midst of these primitive people who have lived here undisturbed from time immemorial, one generation succeeding another in the occupation of their ancestral homes.

From the San Antonio ridge, separated from the town by the deep baranca of San Antonio, may be seen to great advantage the parish church, which from this point has the massive appearance of a fortress; while in close proximity are the churches of San Pedro and Guadaloupe, the latter built by De la Borda. It was De la Borda also who created at a cost of over a million dollars the Jardin de la Borda adjoining his church of Guadaloupe, of which his brother was the presiding prelate and bishop of the episcopal district.

José de la Borda was a poor French boy when he commenced life, but soon acquired a fortune estimated at forty millions through the possession of rich silver mines. He also built the big church of Tasco, fifty miles distant, at a cost, it is said, of over a million dollars.

We visited the Jardin de la Borda, which is in a somewhat dilapidated condition. The fountains, ponds and terraces are obscured by too rank a growth of vegetation. The old contest between nature and art is quietly and insidiously going on. The roots of the great trees are slowly but surely encroaching on the terraces and fountains, destroying their beautiful lines and curves, forcing the great stone blocks out of place, making a sad spectacle of these once splendid gardens. Benson, an artist who has painted some fine views of Cuernavaca from San Antonio, has for seven years passed his winters here, as did Church, the artist who painted views of Niagara Falls which have made his name famous. One of our party bought a beautiful sample of his work. I was not so fortunate, as it so happened that the sketch I longed for as a souvenir he would not sell at any price, as it was a study he required on some important work he had on hand. It was a picture of the valley at sunset from the portals of the Palace of Cortez, with Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl in the distance.

My opportunities were too limited to see the wonderful prehistoric ruins and carvings and another house of Cortez in the vicinity. On a neighboring hill is a lizard in stone nearly nine feet long. Mr. Benson informed me that two years ago, in company with Mr. Church, he visited the ruins of Xochicalco, eighteen miles from here, which are intensely interesting. One of the buildings, which may have been a temple, measures 75 feet long by 68 feet wide, built of cut stone. Charles Dudley Warner says the views are most noble; and of the ruins, there is nothing more interesting in Assyrian or Egyptian work. Some of the sugar plantations have old-time buildings erected two centuries ago, notably on the Hacienda de Heuasco; another is the Hacienda of Stlaconoulco, where all the fruits of the tropics may be seen in the fields and gardens.

Returning to the City of Mexico we were again disappointed to find it still cold and raining, and found little consolation in the assurance of the old residents that never had such weather been known before. In consequence we decided to go forthwith to Puebla. After a six hours' ride we reached the City of Puebla at seven o'clock in the evening, and obtained quarters at the Hotel Diligencia, where we were comfortably lodged but poorly fed. The proprietor told us his cook was a French *chef de cuisine*, but we discovered the next morning that he was a fat Mexican with several dirty assistants. The kitchen was ill-ventilated, dingy and filthy in the extreme. Unfortunately everyone had to pass by this foul kitchen, consequently the little appetite we had was entirely destroyed. This was most unfortunate. Mrs. Bosqui became so ill that she remained indoors nearly all the time we were at Puebla. Mrs. Haven and I managed as well as we could, living principally on fruit and vegetables. The hotel is a quaint, palatial establishment, erected in 1878, near the cathedral, and was the most noted hostelry of its time. Travelers stopped there on their way to and from the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz.

As Mrs. Bosqui was quite helpless and confined to her room, and cold, rainy weather prevailed here as in the City of Mexico, we only waited until she regained sufficient strength to leave Puebla, having to forego our projected trip to Jalapa and Vera Cruz.

Anxious and half sick myself, I could only muster sufficient energy to visit a few of the interesting places in the vicinity of the hotel. That which claimed my first attention was the cathedral, which I visited several times, each time becoming more interested. It is no wonder that it is considered the most gorgeously decorated and beautiful church in America. It is not so large as the great cathedral of the City of Mexico, but it is finer in every respect. Nothing could exceed the rich effect of the heavily gilded wrought iron screens in front of the side altars, contrasting with the crimson and purple draperies over the supporting columns of the splendid dome, ninety feet above the floor. Brilliant as are the contrasts, yet perfect harmony of form and color prevails throughout the church. The great choir, built of stone in the center of the nave, is enclosed in gilt wrought iron gratings made in 1697. The carvings of the organ are superb, as are the doors of the entrance-ways. They are the work of Pedro Muñoz, begun in 1719 and completed in 1722.

I also visited the Church of San Cristobal, founded more than three hundred years ago, interesting only for its carvings over its façade and its antique appearance. It was a source of regret that we could not see the rich tapestries kept in the sacristy of the cathedral, which were presented to the church by Charles V., said to be the very finest extant. We had planned to go by the horse-cars to see the great prehistoric Pyramid of Cholulu, built of brick 177 feet above the plain, from which may be seen a magnificent extent of country, with scores of churches and villages dotting the plain, with those snow-capped volcanic peaks always in view, like grand sentinels. But all our plans for seeing the beautiful city and its environs were frustrated by bad weather and ill health. At the end of three days my wife was able to undertake the return trip to the City of Mexico.

At the Hotel Diligencia we had remarked the distinguished bearing of one of the guests. Meeting him afterwards in the cars, I engaged him in conversation in Spanish, and found he could also speak French. He handed me his card, which read "R. de Bois d'Enghien," and I remarked interrogatively, "Your name is historic?" "Yes," he replied, "I am a lineal descendant of Duc d'Enghien." He informed me that he first came to Mexico in 1864 with the Emperor Maximilian as one of his engineers; that he had traveled all over Mexico and had been employed by the Rothschilds as a mining engineer and expert. What interested me most was the information he gave me with reference to a negotiation he had just completed of no less importance than the sale of the English company's lands on the Peninsula of Lower California to a Belgian syndicate. He also informed me that the new company intended to build a railroad from San

Diego to Ensenada, which he thought would be completed within two years. He also stated that he had carefully examined the country and thought that in course of time that part of the peninsula about the bay of Todos Santos would rival the best health resorts of Europe, and that the new company, with Belgian colonists and good management, would prove a success.

It was still raining when we arrived at the Hotel Londres. Mrs. B. being still quite ill, we sent for Dr. Parsons, with whom Mrs. Haven was well acquainted, having met him on her former visit to the City of Mexico. He prescribed for her, and in three days she was so much improved in health and strength that we could leave for Guadalajara, being obliged to abandon our plan of visiting many places in the city. However, I spent a few hours at the National Museum, and on my way there saw one of the sewer trenches, opened a few weeks before, where was discovered an ancient altar about ten feet under ground, with the usual Aztec carvings of human skulls on the front and ends, with several flights of steps leading to it, all of solid masonry and of fine workmanship. The Government is proceeding with much care in uncovering this old monument and intends to preserve it in the same place where unearthed by surrounding it with stone walls. The supposition was that the altar and masonry had by their own weight sunk in the soft, muddy soil upon which they had been erected.

At the museum there are to be seen many wonderful prehistoric idols and devices which have not yet been deciphered. Some of the carvings on stone are finely sculptured. The big copper anchors of Cortez' vessels, with the arms of Spain in high relief, and other relics dating back to the Spanish Conquest are very interesting. The collection is well arranged, but the building is poorly lighted, and many of the finest objects, such as the jewels, picture writings of the Toltecs and Aztecs, and their portraits, parchments and paintings through all the years of the country's history from the days of the Conquest, could not be seen to advantage.

From the museum I went to the Academy of San Carlos. In 1791 the academy was removed to its present quarters in the building formerly occupied by the Hospital d'Amor de Dios. At that time came the architect Manuel Tolsa, and the painter Raphael Jimens. Tolsa brought with him as a present from Charles III. a fine collection of casts of great value, and under those auspicious circumstances the academy prospered. There are many noble pictures in the collection. Among the most important are "The Adoration of the Magi," by Nicholás Juarez; "Virgin of the Apocalypse" of Cabrera; Murillo's "San Juan de Dios," "San Rafael," "San Juan en el Desierto"; also a "San Francisco" and a "San Antonio de Padua" that are attributed to this great artist. I also saw some of the work of my old friend Guiteriez in the collection. I immediately recognized Murillo's "San Francisco," a copy of which was made by Guiteriez, and which was, and is, so much admired at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, San Francisco, to which church I had the pleasure of presenting it thirty years ago. Most of the pictures are scriptural subjects, and some of the best in the collection are by native Mexicans.

The Academy of San Carlos originated in the School of Engraving connected with the Mint established under a Royal order of Charles III. in 1778, and was under the direction of Don Geronimo Gil, the chief engraver. The Director of the Mint, Fernando de Mangeno, obtained the consent of the Viceroy, Mayorga, to the establishment of an Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, and classes were organized in 1781. This accounts for the fine collection of engravings, many of which are very rare. Unfortunately my time was so limited that I could no more than glance over a collection of paintings and prints that would have engaged my study and attention for many days instead of the few hours at my command.

On a rainy, gloomy afternoon we finally left the City of Mexico and were soon speeding our way to Guadalajara, arriving early the next morning at Irapuato, from which point the road diverges at right angles to the west from the main line.

Irapuato is at about the same elevation as Cuatla and Cuernavaca, and consequently we were in a similar climate of warmth and sunshine, which we enjoyed immensely. This place is noted for its fine strawberries, which are to be obtained every month of the year. All along the line of the railroad was to be seen rich and highly cultivated land and numerous villages and haciendas. The country here is considered the granary of Mexico. As we passed near Lake Chapala we saw great plantations of sugar-cane, tobacco and groves of lemon and orange trees.

Arriving at Guadalajara at 2 p. m., we got on the street cars and were driven up to the Sanitarium of the Seventh Day Adventists, where we secured a fine suite of rooms in a palatial building. It was thoroughly Spanish in architecture and beautifully situated about a mile from the center of the city, commanding a fine view of the country in every direction. Thus to find ourselves so well domiciled in an immaculately clean abiding place, where quiet and order reigned supreme, was a luxury we had not enjoyed since leaving home. The next morning the sun rose magnificently, and we were all in excellent humor. After breakfast we boarded one of the street cars which pass by the Sanitarium every fifteen minutes, and went to the city, passing on our way unpretentious old houses; but on getting a view of their interior courts with fountains in their centers and beautiful vines and flowers, all showing the taste and refinement of their occupants, we soon came to realize that Guadalajara is one of the cleanest, brightest and most delightful cities we had yet seen.

The Cathedral of Guadalajara is architecturally unlike any other church we saw in Mexico. Although impressive by its massiveness, it lacks in harmony and beauty the conventional designs of the other churches. In this cathedral is the noted "Ascension of the Virgin," by Murillo, but it was placed in the sacristy in such a dingy, uncertain light that no one could see its beauty. We were informed that a wealthy Californian had offered eighty thousand dollars for this picture, but failed to secure it. Murillo's "St. Francis," and also his "San Geronimo," owned by the late Collis P. Huntington, and which were recently on exhibition at the San Francisco Art Association, seemed to me better examples of the great master's work. Three evenings in the week and on

Sundays and fête days a military band plays in front of the cathedral.

There are four horse-car lines leading from Guadalajara to as many suburbs. San Pedro, about four miles east, we visited a number of times. Here many of the wealthy classes have their summer residences, and here, too, the sculptor Pandura lives. The famous Guadalajara ware that is known the world over comes from the potteries of San Pedro. The Indians also model in clay characteristic groups illustrating national games, domestic views and customs of the natives, which are thoroughly artistic, and some of them possess rare merit. The work of Pandura is notably so.

There is quite a colony of Americans residing in Guadalajara. Some four or five hundred have their homes here, and as many more are engaged in mining and other enterprises in the vicinity. All seem to be thriving and satisfied with their prospects. The location and climate of the city and State of Jalisco are superb, every day being like springtime. The streets are clean, plazas and parks are ever green and brightened by beautiful flowers that bloom in December as in June. An immense shoe factory has been recently established by French capitalists, which employs several hundred hands, and other important industries are conducted by Americans. My friend Mr. Louis

Harrison is about to establish another industry in which over $50,000 may be invested. Americans have invested largely in railroads and mines, and more recently in lands. A New York and Boston syndicate, with a capital of $5,000,000, is at present negotiating the purchase of two big haciendas near Lake Chapala.

It is not so strange that nearly all the enterprises of Europeans and Americans flourish in Mexico when we consider the low price of labor. Here in the State of Jalisco labor costs only twenty-eight cents a day, and the laborers are faithful and efficient if properly directed by one speaking their language and understanding the peculiarities and prejudices of the people.

We left Guadalajara with sincere regret, fully determined to return at the first opportunity, for we were charmed not only by the delightful climate, but also by the kindness and universal courtesy of the people. But for the anxiety of Mrs. Haven to return home as soon as possible, we should have remained two weeks longer at Guadalajara, with probable benefit to all of us.

I had planned, among other excursions for amusement and instruction, a visit to the hacienda of "La Solidad." It was estimated that with an outlay of $10,000 to develop its resources this property would yield a large revenue. The property comprises 8,500 acres, traversed by irrigating ditches with an abundance of water all the year round. A waterfall that would produce several thousand horse-power is in close proximity to stone and marble quarries, and there is an extensive plantation of orange, lemon, mango, banana and other tropical fruits, which alone yield $5,000 a year. Mr. Harrison and I proposed to ride over the street-car line to within fourteen miles and thence on horseback to the hacienda, which is twenty miles due north from Guadalajara, and, to satisfy our curiosity, see for ourselves if half of what had been represented was true.

From what we saw and heard, there can be no doubt whatever as to the fact that any one speaking Spanish and who feels a due respect for the customs of the people, with the practical ability to govern and conduct the cheap labor available in the State of Jalisco, for example—which is, as already stated, both efficient and easily managed—a fortune can be easily acquired with little risk or trouble. In other words, a capital of about $25,000 invested in some places in Mexico would be equivalent to an investment of four times the amount in any part of the United States, and, I think, with as much security—in which latter opinion I am quite aware very few will concur. All this, however, is a digression from the account of our trip through Mexico.

Leaving Guadalajara on the morning of December 20th, we arrived thirty-six hours later at Aguas Calientes, where we remained two days. It is a city of 36,000 people, 364 miles from the City of Mexico, on the Tampico Railroad. It ranked as a city as early as 1575, and is noted for its hot water springs, from which it appropriately derives its name. The parish church, built in 1540, has some fine pictures among many inferior ones. The best pictures in this church and in the church of San Juan de Dios are by Andreas Lopez and José de Alzebar, painted in 1775. In the church of San Francisco are several pictures representing scenes in the life of St. Francis by Juan Correa, painted in 1681. Another fine picture is the "Vision of St. Anthony" of Padua.

Aguas Calientes, like all the other cities we visited, has a fine plaza, well cared for, facing the Parish Church and Municipal Palace. About the center of the plaza is the fountain and the usual band-stand, around and about which most of the people meet every evening from 8 to 10 o'clock, where they promenade and enjoy the fine music of the military band.

Our brief stay here was very pleasant and long to be remembered. We were delayed in our departure at 8 a. m., the appointed time, by an accident on the road near Tula, and could not leave until 10 o'clock p. m. The engineer, who may not have been responsible for the accident, was immediately imprisoned and a further delay was caused until another engineer was found to take his place. Such is Mexican law; and the result is that American railroad engineers are becoming scarce in Mexico, as all those meeting with accidents resulting in loss of life are detained for months in prison until their innocence is established.

While we awaited the delayed train we visited the wonderful springs, which are widely distributed over a distance of a mile. At the end of a long avenue in front of the railroad station, shaded by tall cottonwood trees, are the most antiquated looking bath chambers, surrounded by stone and cement walls. Each spring is named after a saint, and the temperature of the water is inscribed over the portal. Being Christmas day, and having left our hotel, we were very agreeably surprised at the excellent Christmas dinner we enjoyed at the railroad station. Expressing our satisfaction to the proprietor, he proudly replied that he furnished his patrons with the same sort of dinner every day in the year. It was really the best we had while in Mexico. The next day we passed by Toreon and Chihuahua and arrived about midnight at El Paso. In the morning our trunks passed inspection by the custom house without delay or trouble. Once on the Southern Pacific Railroad we felt quite at home again, arriving in due time at the Sixteenth-street station at Oakland without any occurrence worth noting on the way through Arizona and California. There we were met by Mr. Haven, who informed us of the death of Mrs. Haven's son William, which occurred ten days previous. This was a great shock, as we had not even been informed of his illness. The letter conveying the news not reaching us at El Paso, as was intended, the bereaved mother knew nothing of her son's sickness and death until after she had reached home. This was the first bad news and sorrow we experienced, and it occurred at our own thresholds after an eventful journey of many thousands of miles.

Thus ended our trip to Mexico, leaving us with the conviction that many writers who visit the country obtain a false impression of the true character of the Mexican people, and, mainly through prejudice, believe that most of the evils of the country are the results of a corrupt church and class distinction. In a limited sense it is true that a marked line is drawn between the rich and poor. There is no middle class. The haciendados, miners and foreigners are all rich.

The Mexicans and Indians are nearly all poor and improvident, and have always been so both before and since the Spanish conquest. Poor and improvident as the majority of the natives are, they possess refinement to an incredible degree. This refinement has been developed by the Catholic Church. An abiding faith in the Church, with its ever-open doors, seems to be the only source of consolation and hope these poor, ignorant people possess. The restraining influence of the Church does not, however, extend to the natives of the mountainous regions. The Yaquis of the Sierra Madre and the natives of the States of Jalisco, Michoican, Guerrero and Oaxaca, through which the Cordilleras extend, are warlike and independent.

Any one may observe the devotion and veneration of the Christianized natives. Enter their churches, which dot the land everywhere, early or late, and you may see the poor, barefooted, half-clad natives kneeling in deep devotion before their altars beside the rich. There you will fail to discover anything but the most sincere observance of Christian duty pure and simple. They have no fine clothes to display nor anything material to gain, but are there to pray God to forgive them their sins. When you see them on their knees on the tile or marble floors of their churches you will find no evidence of insincerity, but will be convinced of their earnest devotion and simple faith. Then what wonder is it that these ignorant, simple-hearted, veritable children of nature should be affected by the grand ritual of the church in the noble temples in which they breathe and listen to all that is great and inspiring in Christian worship and holy teaching! The effect of this religious influence is felt everywhere in Mexico. Everyone you meet, whether rich or poor, is gentle and polite.

It may be said that the church administration in Mexico has been very corrupt; that its close alliance with Spain's colonial government, with the abuse of its unlimited wealth and power, made it a disgrace to Christianity. It must be remembered, however, that the great leaders of reform, in both church and state, were the priests themselves, as was the case in the time of Savonarola, the Florentine priest, patriot, reformer and statesman, who suffered martyrdom for the cause to which his life had been dedicated. So it was a few years later, in the great reformation in Europe.

The first to undertake the church's reformation in Mexico was Hidalgo, in 1810, who, with his followers, not only preached, but led the crusade against oppression under the sacred banner of Mexico's Patron Saint, the Virgin of Guadaloupe. Being defeated by the Royal forces, Hidalgo was captured and summarily executed at Chihuahua in 1811. Morelos also, a few years later, shared the fate of Hidalgo. Undismayed by these executions, the reformers persevered until independence was secured.

The Mexican Government has confiscated most of the church property, and has shown very little respect for its most sacred monuments or churches. Priests and friars have been driven away, convents and monasteries have been suppressed, and their vast revenues have been appropriated by the State.

Nevertheless, the church still flourishes, and its mission is being more successfully accomplished since it has been freed from political entanglements. Many Catholics in Mexico, as elsewhere, approve the Government's attitude toward the church, considering it not only consistent with the Divine will, but the moral and physical retribution following the abuse of power by a corrupt priesthood. Deprived of the revenues which conduced to a life of luxurious indolence and vice, the corrupt priests have disappeared and their places have been filled by men who are true ministers and representatives of the Prince of Peace. The church in Mexico is now in condition to fulfill her divine mission. All her greatness and glory lie in her spiritual work alone. Her material loss in the future, as it has been in the past, will be her spiritual gain.